

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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THE
DEFENSE SCANDAL?



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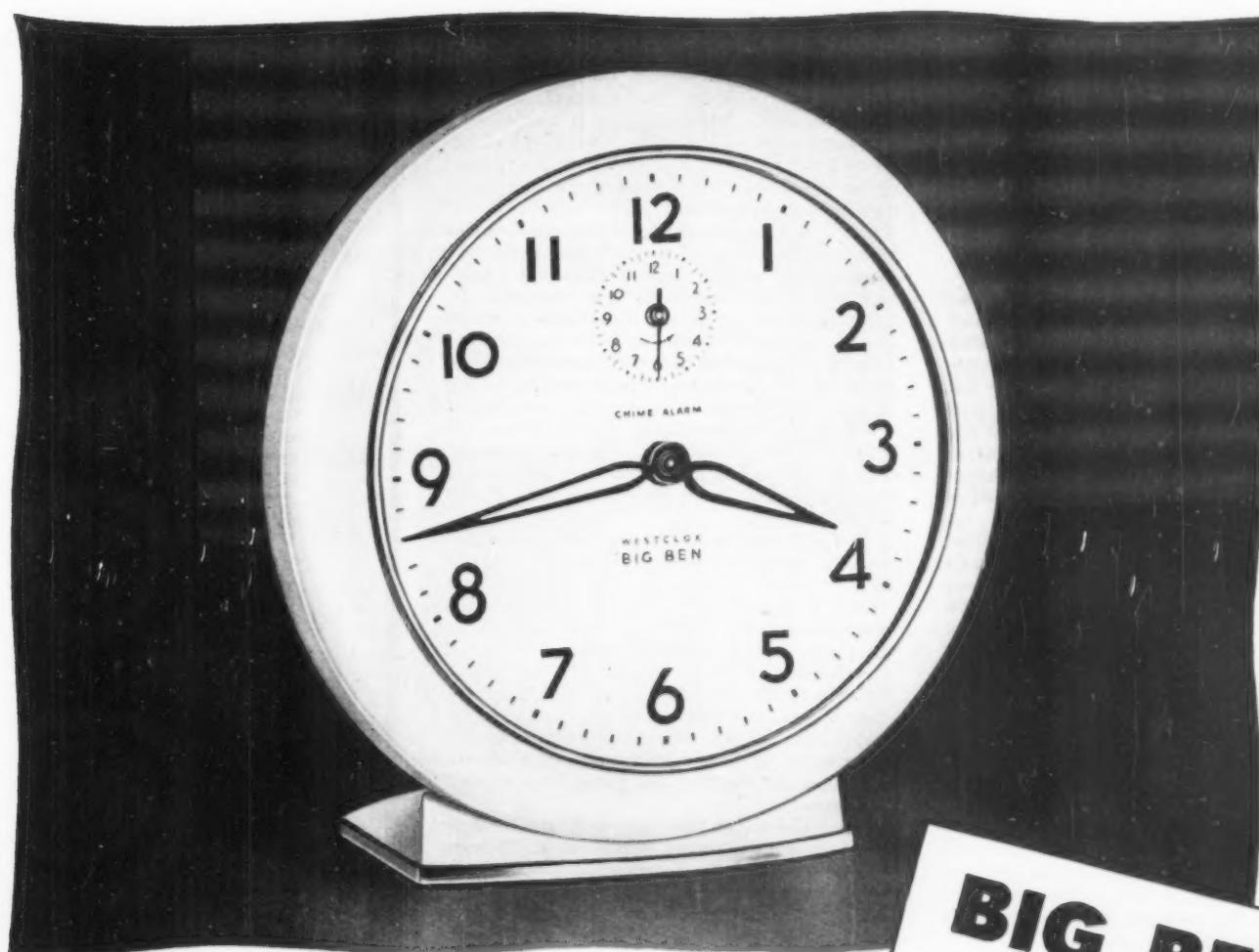


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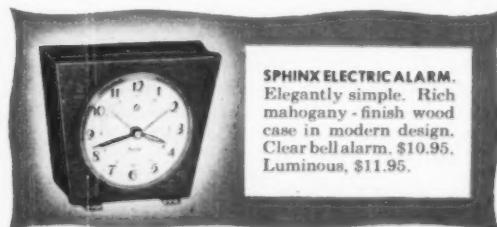
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EDITORIAL

THE COMMIES' KAMIKAZE SQUADS

A Guest Editorial by Lionel Shapiro

UST before the dawn of Feb. 11, 1946, a military command car rolled southward from Prague, leading a convoy of five trucks. In the command car sat five men, strained and silent: one French and two American officers, a terrified German SS sergeant who was a prisoner of the French, and the writer of this editorial, who had managed to grab a reporter's assignment to cover this secret expedition.

At first light we had reached the village of Stechowice, about fifteen miles south of Prague. The ash-faced German, Sgt. Gunther Achenbach, led us on foot through deep forest and heavy snow to the spot where he had buried the archives of the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia. He had staked his freedom from the dreaded French prison camp on the accuracy of his information. Moreover he had mined the cave with two thousand pounds of explosives and he knew the peril that attended its opening.

This adventure in full detail was described in an article in this magazine in 1946.

Last Nov. 25, in Prague, Bedrich Reicin—on trial for his life along with Slansky, Clementis and eleven other defendants—entered the witness box and confessed that in January of 1946 he discovered the existence and location of the Nazi archives, divulged this information to the Yugoslav military attaché, and that the latter had informed the Americans who "the next night" sent a jeep into Czechoslovakia and recovered the archives. For this dastardly treason, Reicin pleaded, he could only be happy if he suffered hanging.

The court obliged him. Ten days later he was hanged in the Czech manner. A short thin rope was looped around his neck and he squirmed from the gallows for merciless seconds until the executioner ascended a stepladder and broke Reicin's neck by twisting his head sharply around.

We have of course long suspected that the "confessions" at these Communist show trials are false, but seldom have we had such specific and detailed proof. Bedrich Reicin, a lifelong Communist and chief of Czech military intelligence until his arrest, blandly arose before a packed courtroom and confessed to a crime which (1) was not a crime, and (2) he neither committed nor had the remotest connection with. And he begged for a punishment which he well knew would be applied with medieval bestiality.

Three traditional explanations are frequently offered for behavior of this kind. The first is insanity. The second is torture. The third is a suicidal mania. There is a fourth explanation—one which, in this view, provides a more logical explanation than the others.

Bedrich Reicin asked for, and received, death because it was necessary to provide a firm reason

for the failure of Communism in Czechoslovakia, a reason which would in no way reflect on the validity of the Communist theory. By our standards he did an insane thing; by the standards of his Moscow school it was a completely logical thing. In the Communist hierarchy there is no margin for failure or for error; and there is no respect for life, one's own or someone else's.

Consider Czechoslovakia. It had been central Europe's ideal democracy. It was small but prosperous; highly industrialized and self-sufficient in food and many raw materials. In the four years since the Communists seized power a wracking illness has beset the country. The economy, geared to Soviet Russia's requirements, is near collapse. The armed forces are in a constant state of purge; the discipline of terror has replaced service arising out of national loyalty. Even bread has become indigestible. The tough unimaginative people who allowed the Communist junta to seize power are no longer content.

The situation screamed for culprits. Communism patently could not be at fault. Only traitors working secretly with Titoists and Western imperialists could account for the economic distress and the spiritlessness of the military. Gottwald and Zapotocky, being the Communist theorists, could not be wrong. Therefore, the second layer of the hierarchy, the actual administrators of the theory—Clementis, Slansky, Reicin and the others—had to confess to treason, and having confessed, they had to beg for the direst, the cruelest punishment.

They did so, in this view, willingly, because the Communist destiny demanded it. It being impossible that the Communist theory could have been basically faulty, they had failed through human error and incapacity. To confess merely this would have been treason to Communism, but to confess to treason against the state would be a service to Communism. And so they squirmed on the gallows and died, presumably happy.

This, then, is the enemy. He has no set of values we can easily recognize, no humanity, no compassion even to himself. His best friend can be thrown to the wolves as easily as his worst enemy, as easily as himself. He is an intellectual animal whose intellectuality has turned the full circle to, by our standards, intellectual insanity. Truth to him is a five-letter word signifying nothing. Duty is everything.

How do we fight him?

How do we fight a disease? By fortifying ourselves to great good health, by nursing to health those within our reach, and then by patience and learning and compassion—and more and more patience.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES:
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean
HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board
FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President
DONALD P. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director
THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller
UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Guaranty
Trust Bldg., Suite 617, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36, 309 West Jackson
Blvd., Chicago 6.
GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125
Strand, London, W.C. 2.
Single copies 15¢. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years
\$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. Price for all other countries \$1.50
per year.

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 1, 1953



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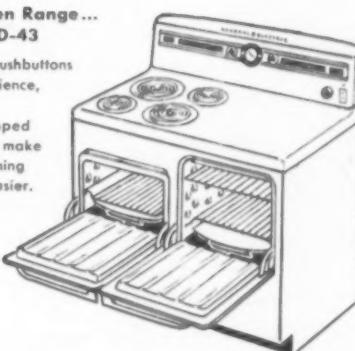
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Pityrosporum ovale)'. Below this is a large, bold question mark 'DANDRUFF?'. Underneath the question mark, there's a headline 'Go after the germs with Listerine Antiseptic and Massage... Quick!'. Below the headline are two photographs of smiling people, one male and one female, both with their hands in their hair. The male is on the left, looking up, and the female is on the right, looking directly at the camera."/>

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London Letter

BY Beverley Baxter



ONLY THE YOUNG GROW OLD

THOSE WHOM the gods love die young. That truth was uttered in the days of ancient Greece and has been quoted throughout the centuries. The accepted meaning is that the gods in their fastidiousness take young people from this world to Valhalla, perhaps to give radiance to their temples.

Yet there are philosophers who contend that the Greeks meant something quite different. "Surely," they say, "there can be only one meaning to those words—that those whom the gods love die young no matter at what age death comes."

Just before his eightieth birthday I lunched at his country house with Lloyd George—it is impossible to write or think of him as Earl Lloyd George. Almost the only sign of old age was that his most vivid memories were of the personalities in the 1914 war instead of the Hitler war which had opened with such sluggishness. His wit was as caustic as when it riddled the Tories in the lush old days; his quality of merriment still made his eyes sparkle, and there was Welsh music in his voice. On the wall was an attractive Mediterranean painting and I asked the name of the artist. "Oh, he's a promising young fellow," said L.G. with a twinkle of his eyes. "You ought to get to know him. His name is Winston Churchill."

When he came out to the terrace to say good-by his face became serious and his voice took on a harsh imperious note. "I don't like this phony war," he said. "We have not yet got to grips with the enemy. We should not leave the decision to Hitler. We should impose our will on him."

It was the last time I saw him, for a little later the gods decided that they needed his youthful spirit. He was eighty-two years of age but he died young. Indeed there are detractors who say he died too young for his years.

There was a great celebration in London a few weeks ago to celebrate the eighty-second birthday of Viscount Samuel who has been Liberal leader in the House of Lords for a number of years. On this occasion the great Lord (John) Simon, then nearly eighty, made a witty speech but it was nothing to the gaiety and sparkle of Samuel's reply.

Did he, Samuel, plead long political service (for he was in the Commons before going to the Upper House) and did he wax sentimental or indulge in the luxury of memories? He did none of these things. He flashed his keen mind upon the political scene of today and made sport of it. The past was for older men than he.

I have not summoned Lloyd George from the other side of the River Styx or Samuel from the Upper House merely as veterans who defied the Psalmist. I want to know what it is that gave to them this tenacity of the years. All of us who are of woman born are journeying on a road which starts at a point of no return. There is no turning back. There is indeed no pause. Rich and poor, sick and healthy, male and female, we say in the words of the old song:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home today
Than I've ever been before.

At least that is what we should say, for it is true and it is indeed a sweetly solemn thought. Yet how can we explain the gaiety with which so many famous old men greet the birth of each new day? Is it that they are elated at getting the better of the Psalmist and the insurance actuaries? Is it a secret pride or a spirit of bravado?

Day by day and night by night I watch the seventy-eight-year-old Churchill convulsing the House with the swiftness of his retort, summoning the slumbering greatness of Britain to awake, walloping his opponent on the jaw, and never, never playing the weary titan.

Has he perhaps some secret of maintaining good health? It may be so. Certainly he takes no exercise beyond walking from Downing Street to the Houses of Parliament. Is he abstemious? Last winter when I lunched with him on the Queen Mary he smoked three cigars and was two brandies up on me when we finally parted.

Not long ago I went to the Lord Mayor's Inaugural Banquet at vast Guildhall where, by tradition, the prime minister of the day speaks on foreign affairs. The Lord Mayor, being a

Continued on page 46



Arturo Toscanini



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Petawawa Horses Were Overworked

NEXT Saturday, Feb. 7, is the date of the Press Gallery dinner, an evening devoted to lampooning the eminent in politics. Facetious MPs are asking how we plan to get a live horse up to the sixth-floor parliamentary dining room. We've been wondering about that ourselves.

Of all the sensational contents of the Currie Report on army stores administration, nothing has so caught the public fancy as those horses on the Petawawa payroll. Even Liberals joke about them. Bill Henderson, Liberal MP for Kingston City where Royal Military College is located, incautiously remarked one day that he owned a couple of horses. A fellow Grit solemnly enquired: "Have you got them entered at the Staff College?"

To the Government it's no joke. Ministers know that the Currie Report, with the doubts it has sown and the enquiries it has set on foot, is perhaps the deadliest threat the Liberal government has faced since it was first elected in 1935. And among all the grave charges, the Petawawa horses are the gravest because they are the funniest.

It's somewhat ironic, therefore, that these famous animals do not exist. No horses were "hired by army personnel and placed on the payroll under the names of nonexistent laborers," as the Currie Report alleges. What happened was rather different.

To clear an area called Camp X the soldier in charge was authorized to hire men with teams at a dollar-fifty an hour. He could not or did not find any men with teams. Instead he went to a livery stable and hired some horses on his own. Then he hired men to drive them. The men got a dollar and a half an hour from

the government, but they kicked back part of it to the man who had hired the horses.

The transaction was commonplace enough. It might even have been deemed legal but for one thing: The soldier took a rake-off for himself, over and above the cost of hiring and feeding the horses. For that he was prosecuted, eventually pleaded guilty and is now in prison.

This explains why the exquisitely comic news about the horses on the payroll was never reported by newspapermen covering the Petawawa trials. The facts, unsavory but unremarkable, were overshadowed by other stories like the theft of the railway track and the sale of kitchen stoves as scrap metal.

An item that did get into the papers was the three-thousand to four-thousand-dollar dam on Tucker Creek, popularly known as the General's Fishpond. Peter Dempson broke that story in the Toronto Telegram last June, after persuading his somewhat incredulous copy desk that it was really true. The army then explained indignantly that the dam had been built to make a reservoir in case fires were started by artillery fire on a nearby range. The Currie Report doesn't mention this explanation. It says of the dam: "Its utility is not clear to me, and it was, in any event, not authorized by army headquarters."

Friends concede that the general who then commanded Petawawa is a keen fisherman and might have had mixed motives for building the dam, but there is no evidence that he ever actually fished in the pond. The technical reasons were plausible enough, and might well have been accepted by Army HQ if they had ever been put. *Continued on page 54*



Cartoon by Grassick



Grass links, desert oasis

Fan palms beside the Pacific

Palomar Observatory



Desert oasis in winter

March in San Gorgonio Pass

Palisade Glacier



Joshua tree, Antelope Valley

Imperial Desert: film Sahara

Winter orange harvesting



Shopping amid palms

Hollywood night life

Desert ocotilla blooms



Pacific shore, winter

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How Serious is the

DEFENSE SCANDAL?

Does the Currie report represent
one of many rotten apples or a lone
rotten apple in an otherwise healthy
barrel? The truth lies somewhere
in between, this Maclean's report
on our military spending indicates

By FRED BODSWORTH

AS PARLIAMENT began the grave and perhaps politically decisive job of dissecting the Currie report, most Canadians had made certain interim conclusions of their own.

Until the RCMP moved in to force a clean-up, one of Canada's largest military camps had become a happy hunting ground for crooks and looters wearing the disguise of public servants. If other army camps escaped the corruption uncovered at Petawawa it was in many cases because of accident and the innate honesty of most Canadian servicemen, rather than because of proper safeguards against corruption. At some administrative or policy level yet to be determined, someone who is paid to protect the taxpayer's money and the nation's military security had fallen down on the job—inevitably and disgracefully.

Leaving the Petawawa disclosures out of it entirely, nothing else could explain the startling fact that between 1950 and 1952 the chief auditor of the Department of National Defense, during his routine checks on spending at eighteen other military camps between Halifax and Victoria, had reported, with small or no apparent result, a total of one hundred and forty-five other breaches of the regulations designed to guard against misuse of military funds.

But the Petawawa scandal and the evidence of neglect and carelessness at other depots serviced by the Army Works Services still left unanswered the big question: Were the conditions found in the Works Services an isolated product of the special pressures within that fast-growing and heavily burdened branch of the army? Or were they symptomatic of methods and attitudes prevalent elsewhere in the nation's military forces? Did the *affaire Petawawa* represent one of many rotten apples or a single rotten apple in an otherwise healthy barrelful?

The Government had been under a crossfire of criticism over its handling of the defense budget for several weeks before George S. Currie's blockbuster descended. The Opposition had been accusing it of tossing around billions of defense dollars recklessly and wastefully. It had been charged that defense contracts had been used to make political friends in by-election ridings; that mountains of unneeded material were being bought to subsidize slack industries; that Government buying sprees had swamped military-supply depots with surpluses of clothing and barracks stores which would gather dust for years.

These accusations get deeper into the defense effort than the limited field covered by the Currie investigation. Maclean's was well along with an investigation of its own into the broad field of defense expenditures when the Currie report cast a new and foreboding shadow across an already turbid scene.

For a complete and honest appraisal, Canada's defense effort takes a lot of looking. Even the royal commission now being demanded by the Progressive Conservatives could never scrutinize the six hundred new purchasing contracts a day being let on behalf of the armed forces. Its size alone makes a full examination of defense spending by anyone outside the government or the services almost impossible. There is also the barrier of security regulations which keeps much of the picture permanently blacked out. Maclean's doesn't profess to have anything approaching a complete and

final answer to the question: are we getting our money's worth in defense? But during its own enquiries this magazine has amassed a great deal of evidence, some of it reassuring, some of it dismaying.

Defense is by far the nation's biggest single business and biggest single expense. In 1952 it accounted for two billion dollars; from every federal tax dollar last year, fifty cents went to pay for the thousands of items from ships to shoe laces which are being woven into the kaleidoscopic fabric of Canadian defense. (Ships: eleven million dollars apiece; shoe laces: two cents a pair.) And defense may cost us more than ever this year.

It's not too difficult to size up the situation on the "two-cent" items, the shoe laces, neckties, forks and teapots. But on defense wares such as ships, planes and electronic equipment the enquiring layman finds information hard to get because of legitimate security checks. Often even the information that is available is so technical that only a handful of experts within or close to the Government know what it all means. The Government's political opponents are subject to the same limitations. If they seem to dwell unduly on trivia such as neckties and teapots it is not because these items are of great importance in themselves, but because they are relatively easy to study. If silly blunders can be made in the simple purchasing of forty-nine-cent serving forks for messes—as certainly has happened—then conceivably the same blunders are possible with things like aircraft which cost a million dollars each.

An illustration of security's impenetrable screen was contained in a list of more than five hundred defense orders compiled by the Government for the special parliamentary committee on defense expenditures last spring. Under "Aircraft" twenty-one individual contracts were listed with details of type of plane, the producer and cost. These contracts came to about \$220 millions. But lumped together in the twenty-second aircraft item was an undisclosed number of contracts the total value of which was \$670 millions. The only details provided under this item covering three quarters of our aircraft spending were: "Supplier: various; description: aircraft; date of order: various; number of units: classified."

There, in a single indecipherable item, was the equivalent of almost one third of this year's total defense budget. And the parliamentary committee has not been permitted to ask a single question about it.

The portion of the record around which the current debate hinges started in February 1951. Communist China had entered the Korean War about two months before. A "war by '52" hysteria was sweeping the Western world. On Feb. 5 Defense Minister Brooke Claxton announced Canada was going to pour five billion dollars into a three-year military program far bigger than we had ever attempted in peacetime. The outbreak of war in 1939 had found Canada so unprepared that we didn't even have uniforms for the men who rushed to recruiting depots. It wouldn't happen again, Claxton promised. A rapid expansion of recruiting and equipment-production would double the hitting power of Canada's standing forces by 1954 and, in addition to this, the program called for widespread stockpiling of all essential equipment.

To get the five-billion-dollar program started, the \$800-million defense appropriation of 1950-51 was doubled to \$1,600 millions for 1951-52, and later boosted again to more than

Continued on page 50



Her debut over, Lois is in happy suspense. What will the big critics say?



In N.Y. hotel three hours before recital Lois tried to sleep, couldn't, read score instead.



Her Toronto teacher and accompanist, Weldon Kilburn, comes in for a final study of her difficult program.



Still in her dressing gown she begins her warming-up. Lois has a phenomenal range, can hit F above high C.



Any minute now. The years of waiting, working and hoping are rushing toward climax.



On stage. And Lois is so lost in her soaring song that she hardly knows if there's an audience there.



The critics were delighted and, a few days later, Lois and Kilburn closely studied small print in a contract.

LOIS MARSHALL, a twenty-seven-year-old Toronto soprano whose voice many feel is one of the world's finest, this winter made her debut at Town Hall in New York, caused some of that city's toughened music critics to cheer like kids on a sleigh ride and was signed to a contract by the most important concert artist manager in the world.

The steady progress her career has made since the afternoon she won a Toronto public-school singing contest fifteen years ago might indicate that success and glory on the concert stage is a simple matter for a girl with a great voice. This delusion must rank with the one about the world being flat, for few artists have worked so hard or with so great a handicap.

Lois Marshall's Town Hall debut, like most debuts in that ancient draughty structure, was given in an almost empty auditorium before critics who attended reluctantly and scouts from New York concert managers who expected to offer Lois nothing but their sympathy. Her marvellous voice had already been scouted thoroughly but her heavy limp, caused by a childhood siege of polio, had sent agents away without offering her a contract.

However heartless this may seem their decision was made on a sound business basis. New artists signed by such a colossus as Columbia Artists Management Inc. are sent to small towns who have signed up for a community concert series. Such communities have slender budgets and can afford only the lower-priced performers on Columbia's lists, the unknowns. Columbia is convinced that these relatively unsophisticated audiences rarely appreciate the fine difference between a good singer and a great one—it was felt they would be untouched by Lois Marshall's magnificent voice and dismayed by her limp.

Lois appeared in New York because of Walter Naumburg, wealthy philanthropist and music lover who for twenty-seven years has sponsored three

concerts a year so that young artists can get a mention in the New York newspapers. Without these mentions the artist does not exist at all for the radio networks, the booking agencies, the symphony-orchestra conductors, the television producers and the presidents of music clubs that sponsor concerts from Scranton to Sacramento. A singer might as well sing in an empty wheat field, as far as her future is concerned, as sing to a packed house that contains not a single New York critic.

The debut, accordingly, is arranged for the convenience of these critics. Since it would be impossible to attract a first or second-string critic in music-saturated New York after sundown, the concert is at three in the afternoon. This means that the attendance of the public will be poor, but this is immaterial. The afternoon before Lois Marshall's debut Mrs. Anna Molyneaux, motherly manager of the Naumburg Foundation, was jubilant because she had been assured of the presence of critics from the New York Times and the Herald Tribune and eight scouts from Columbia.

"Even the *Journal American* might send a critic," she beamed.

Mrs. Molyneaux felt, rightly, that, although she had sent out two thousand free tickets to students, singing teachers, members of Canadian clubs in New York and the British and Canadian consulates, there was no chance at all of getting a good audience. "She's got two strikes against her," she explained, whispering so that Lois, leaning exhaustedly against the stage piano, could not hear. "She's Canadian and she isn't known. The house will be awful."

Walter Naumburg remarked to his wife just before the concert started: "You know, there'll be no one here at all."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, she's a Canadian and it's snowing."

"Of course, dear," nodded his wife pleasantly.

In a small cold room to the left of the stage Lois was warming up her voice with scales and other exercises. She was wearing a red velvet evening dress with a simple halter strap, skilfully cut to give the appearance of fitting her through the bodice but actually several inches too big to give her diaphragm room to expand. She and her accompanist, Weldon Kilburn, were not speaking. That morning she and Kilburn, who is also her singing teacher, had done some final rehearsing at Steinway Hall across 57th Street from their hotel. Lois had been so nauseated by her fear of failure that she sang badly. Kilburn used a method he has been employing successfully for years in such cases and scalded her with invective. Lois resorted to a woman's trick of silence, but his wrath had cleared away her numb horror and held her nerves together until the time of the concert.

Waiting for three o'clock Lois had more to think about than her program of twenty songs in five languages, a program which included some excruciatingly difficult selections. One of her most stubborn faults had been her overdramatic delivery of a song; intent on the emotion in the music she would close her eyes, clench her fists with her thumbs stuck rigidly upward, distort her face and weave all over the stage. By conscious effort she had learned to stand still, keep her hands quiet. During rehearsals for the Town Hall debut, however, Kilburn had commented caustically that her thumbs were turning up again and Mrs. Molyneaux had suggested mildly that she try to remember to keep her eyes open. Lois tried not to think about the long limping walk to the centre of the stage.

Beyond the cold footlights eight school children were straggling in, their coats wet from the damp snow. The audience numbered around three hundred and fifty, which *Continued on page 47*



As the 3 p.m. deadline approaches, Kilburn, at a borrowed grand, gives his singer a last workout.



An hour to go. Not missing a single bet, Lois steams her smart red velvet gown in hotel bathroom.



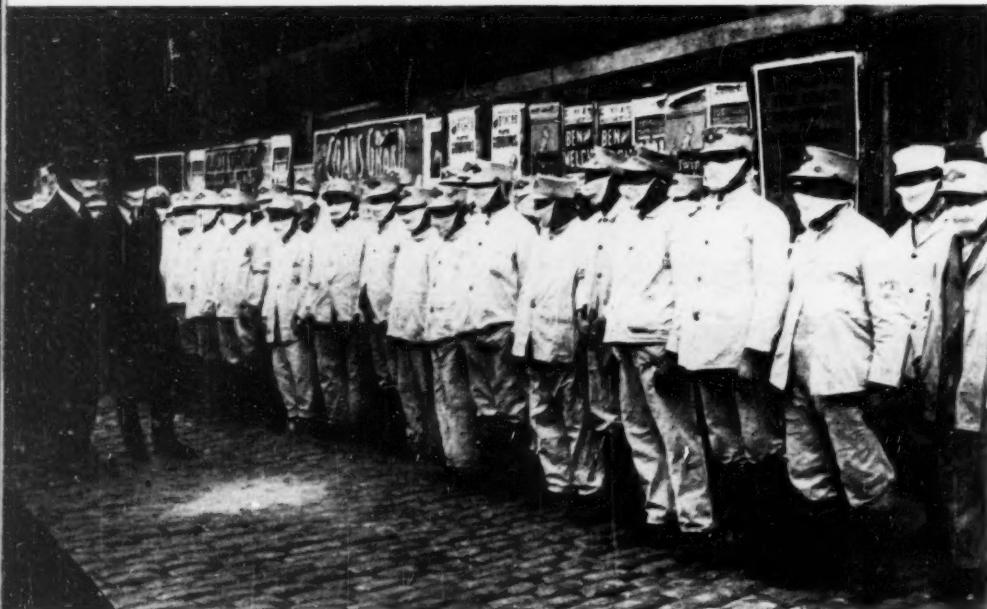
Arthur Judson, perhaps world's best known agent, will steer Lois' career.



Risë Stevens and Montreal's George London, both Metropolitan performers, join Lois at Christmas cocktail party given by Columbia.



The Year Of The KILLER FLU



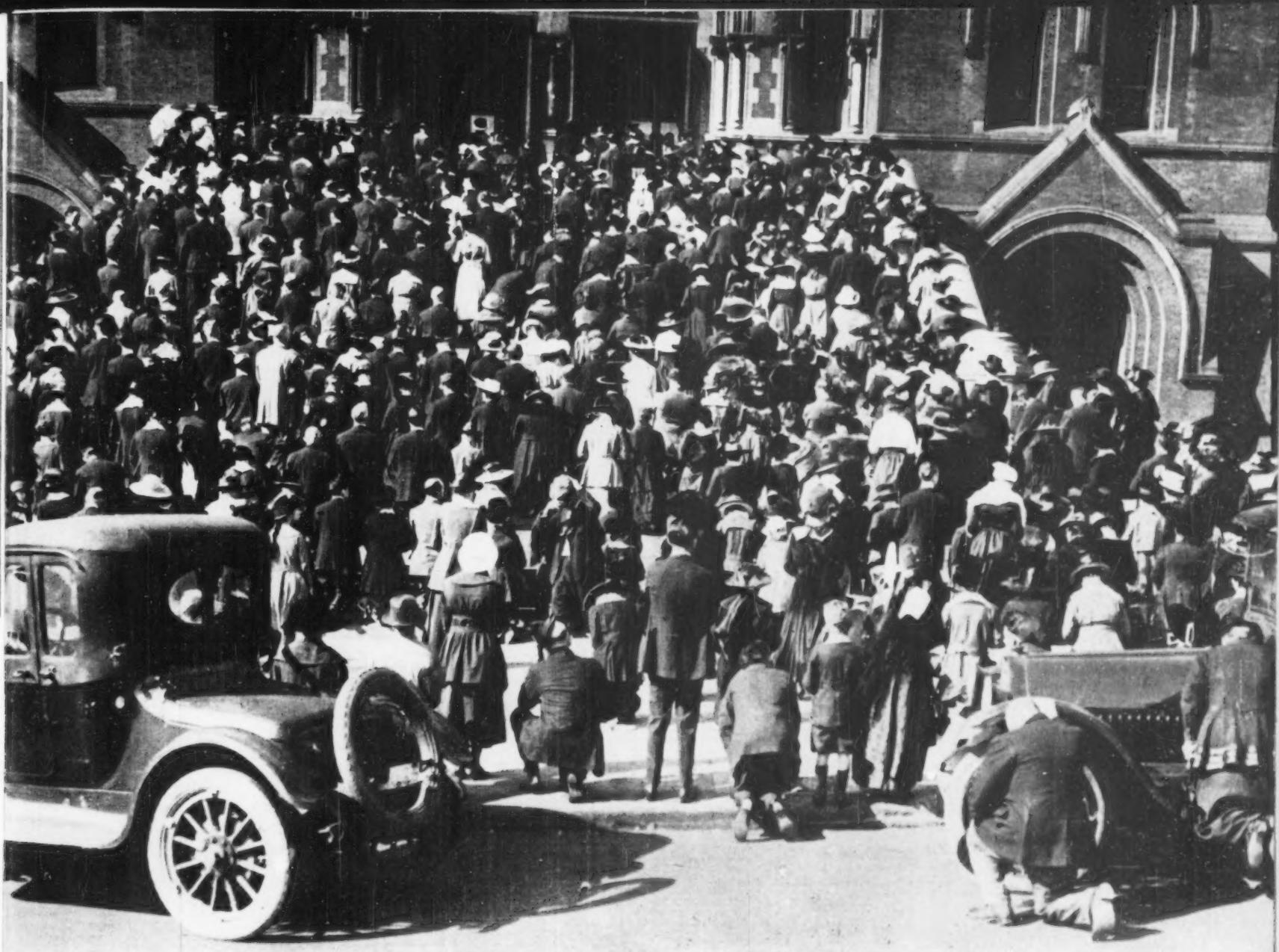
Chicago streetcleaners parade in anti-contagion masks. Sulphur was burned in houses. Court was held outdoors in San Francisco. More than half a million Americans died.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

**As many Canadians
died at home in the fall
of 1918 as were killed
overseas in the six years
of World War II.**

**And, if the world-wide flu
struck again, medical
authorities still aren't
certain they could stop it**

BY MAX BRAITHWAITE



All over the world millions prayed. The new plague hit hardest at those in the prime of life, then disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

THE FALL of 1918 was one of the toughest Canadians have ever known. Germany had its back to the wall in the Hindenberg Line but wouldn't quit. Each day's casualty list showed more than a hundred Canadians killed in action with many more wounded, missing and sick. At home there wasn't enough coal for the nation's fires or sugar for its tea. There seemed no end to death and suffering and hardships.

But Canada and the rest of the world hadn't seen anything yet. A killer far more deadly than German guns or gas or bombs was stalking across the earth in the sheep's clothing of the common cold. This was the influenza pandemic (an epidemic of worldwide scope) of 1918, the worst of its kind ever recorded and, next to the plague of 542 AD and the Black Death of 1348, the most deadly scourge mankind has ever seen. It hit the country full force in October and during that one dreadful month killed an average of almost a thousand persons a day.

Everybody called it Spanish flu possibly because first news of it came through Spain but to this day nobody knows exactly where it began or why or, for that matter, what caused it. But we do know that it killed more than twenty million people, most of them in the prime of life—twelve millions of them in India alone, more than two millions in Europe.

In North America more than a half a million U.S. citizens died, and almost as many Mexicans. It is impossible to discover exactly how many Canadians died, but estimates range between

thirty thousand and forty-five thousand. The Department of Health and Welfare in Ottawa states, "one sixth of the population was affected."

Flu broke out everywhere; in crowded cities, on farms, in lonely trading posts. Many people believed the germs were carried on the winds, and nobody has come up with a more satisfactory explanation for their almost simultaneous appearance in so many widely scattered areas.

It would be almost impossible to find a Canadian over forty who doesn't remember the flu, either because he had it himself or someone in his family did. It struck with devastating suddenness. In Nokomis, Sask., in my own family, my father G. A. W. Braithwaite, my mother, and the seven of us children were all in bed at the same time. A visiting uncle was also sick. Mother barely managed to prepare meals. Neighbors were no help because they had it, too. Finally the town policeman came to the house to milk the cow and kill a chicken. Both of the town's doctors were so busy that the father of one of them came out of retirement to assist. I remember the old doctor promising me a bag of chocolates for taking a dose of castor oil—I was eight at the time. I never received the candy because the elderly physician, like so many other medical men, worked himself into a state of exhaustion, caught flu and died.

Similar stories are told about nearly every Canadian community. In Calgary a young mother whose husband had been killed at the front caught the flu and died suddenly, leaving two small

children. In Montreal a sick mother was found in bed with her two-year-old daughter dead beside her. A Brandon, Man., wife remembers desperately giving her critically ill husband cold baths at night in their apartment above a hardware store while from the street below she could hear the eerie rattling of the carts collecting the bodies of the day's victims.

Prairie homesteaders, living great distances apart without telephones, had no means of calling for assistance. A woman near Hanley, Sask., remembers how she and her family lost several of their best cows because no one was strong enough to milk and feed them. Their greatest problem, she remembers, was keeping the wood-burning stove supplied with fuel in below-zero weather. By taking turns they barely managed enough trips to the woodpile.

The Rev. T. D. Jones, a retired United Church minister now living in Streetsville, Ont., has vivid memories of the fight against the flu in Lamont, Alta. The four schools in the area were converted into hospitals and every able-bodied person recruited to help take care of the sick. "The thing I remember most vividly," he says, "is how the big, strong, deep-chested chaps seemed to take it the worst. One young man came to the school where I was in charge and said that although the doctor had ordered him to bed he really wasn't sick. His temperature was 104½. We put him to bed but soon he was delirious and we had to tie him." *Continued on page 43*

Karsh's Regina



The City that Sprang from the Plains

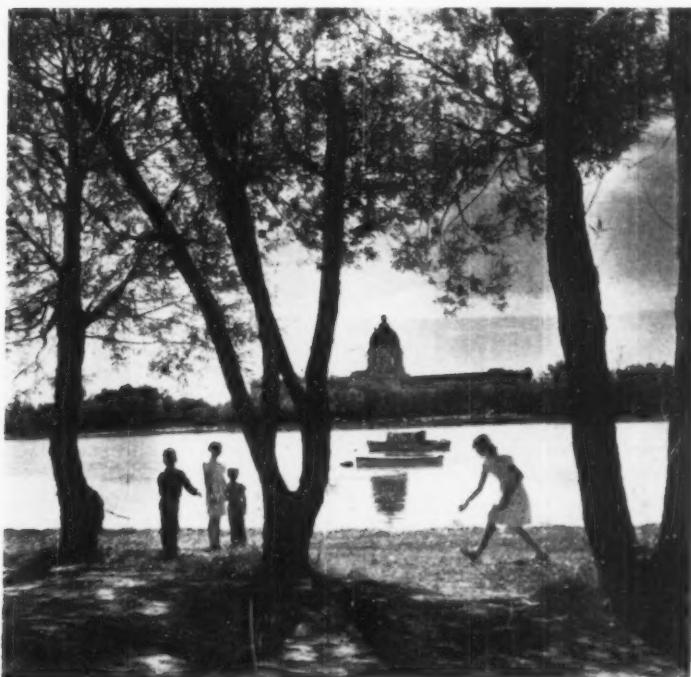
In Regina, Yousuf Karsh captures the spirit of a people who created a verdant prairie metropolis from an empty desert of waving grass



Karsh found Regina solitary but "neat and orderly." Seventy years ago an editor sniffed: "It would scarcely make a respectable farm."

Man-made lake and man-made trees break the lonely monotony of the prairie

Lake Wascana, created by damming the thin creek that is Regina's only natural source of water, is spanned by a 900-foot bridge.



IN THE old-fashioned meaning of civilization—the triumph of man over a hostile nature—Yousuf Karsh describes Regina as "the most civilized of all Canadian cities." In this picture essay, the sixth of a series for Maclean's, his camera presents the arguments. Less than a hundred years ago, the bald and sombre stretch of prairie on the opposite page would have represented an exaggeration of Regina's stature and importance. Not even the wintering grain nor the rows of telephone and light poles were there then. There were no trees, no dependable source of water, no streets, few buildings and few people.



As in Regina's three civic parks, the lawns and trees of the Legislature grounds were planted by hand and are still watered by hand.

In the year the tree he leans against was planted, George Spence bore 1,800 saplings on his back eighty miles across the prairie.



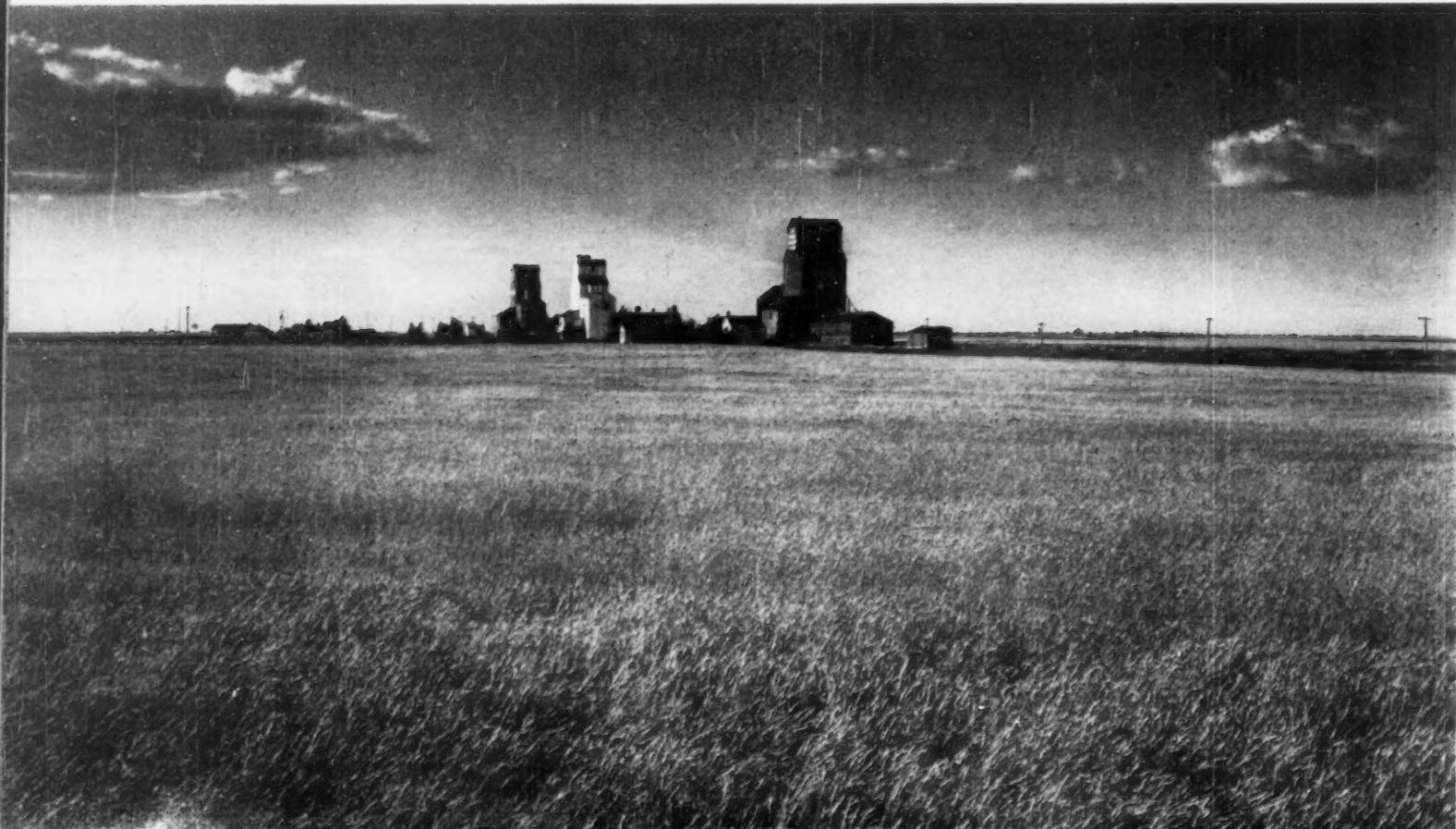


Karsh's Regina *continued*

The Seasons change ; the Plains go on

Where the city ends, the empty prairie takes over again and flows off to the far horizon. Karsh's camera catches the seasonal mosaic of snow and gumbo, field and track and sky on the outskirts of Regina

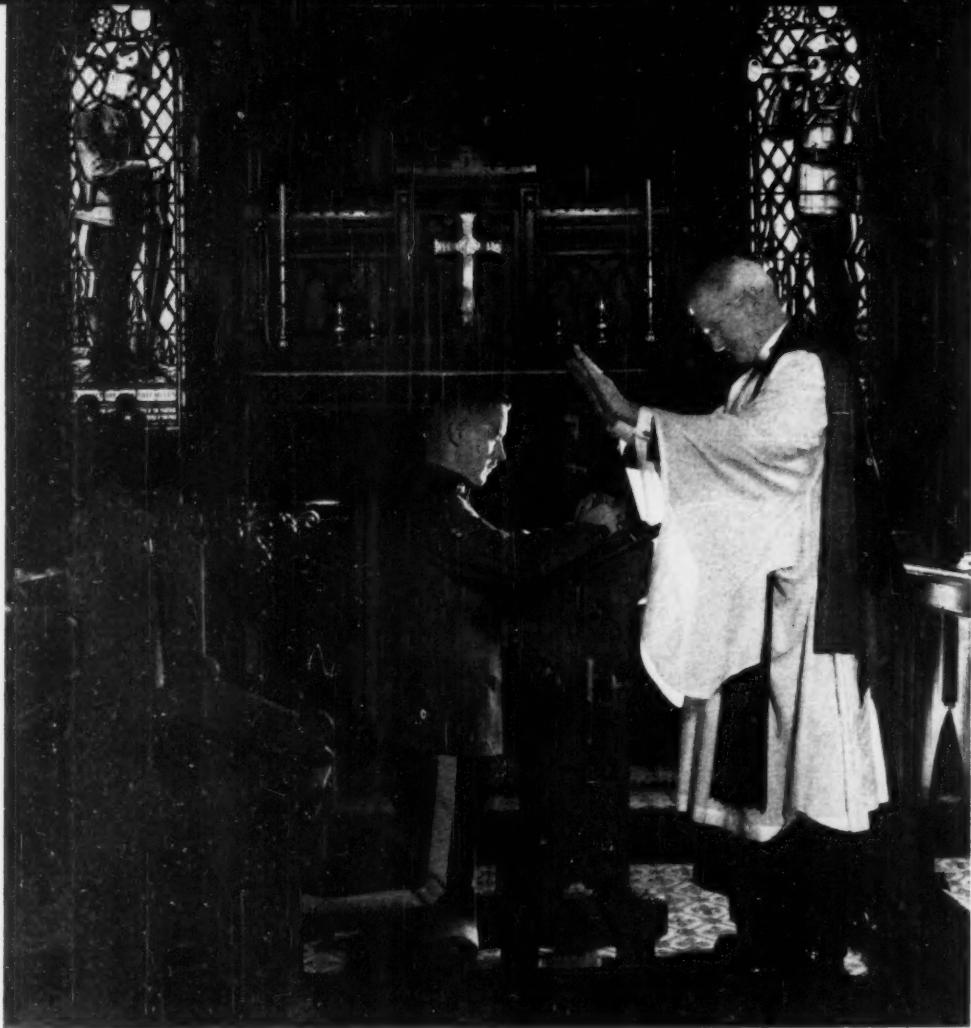
Maclean urged Karsh, in his series on Canadian cities, to be as informal as he liked, forget the orthodox album of tourist sights and civic landmarks, and show what interested him personally. He felt under no obligation, therefore, to split hairs over the ancient question: "Where does Regina end and the prairie begin?" The four pictures on these two pages were taken just beyond the outskirts. To the photographer, surveyor's boundaries meant less than the simple fact that it is the plains that give Regina its spirit, its livelihood, and its chief physical attributes.





To picture Regina and its plains in a variety of moods and dresses, Karsh made visits both in winter and summer. The endless cycle of struggle and

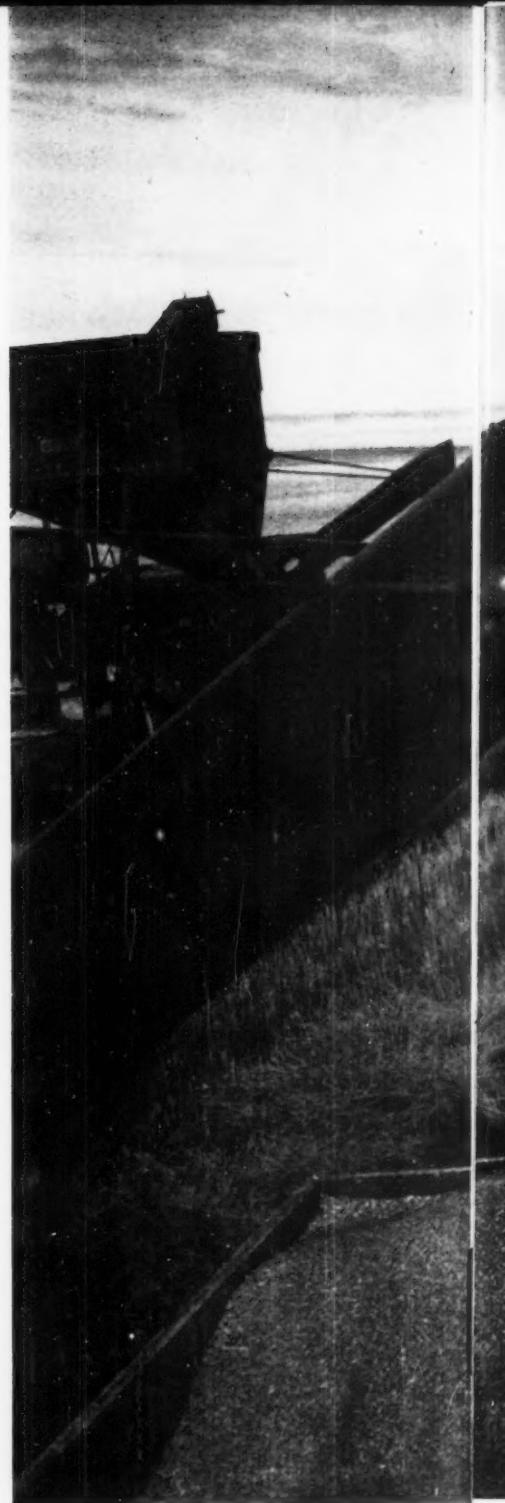
fruition revolves around the little knots of elevators and the gumbo roads over which the wheat comes in and the frozen rails over which it goes out.



Both Queen Elizabeth II and King George VI have visited Regina's RCMP chapel, which is one of the oldest buildings in the city. Here Dean William Cole, who has served the Anglican Church for 45 years, bestows a blessing on Corporal Wesley Glen.



Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, one of the world's greatest co-operatives, began in Regina and George Robertson, a former MLA, has been its secretary throughout its 28-year history. He told Karsh firmly: "Regina is the best city in the world to live in."



Karsh's Regina *continued*

Portraits from the Plains



If anybody's entitled to be called "Mr. Wheat Farmer," Karsh was advised, Herman Sattler is a leading candidate. Sattler came to Canada, broke, from Vienna twenty years ago. He now owns several farms near Regina but still works as hard as ever.

Some representative Regina citizens, including a turkey gobbler and a combine, sit for their portraits by Karsh

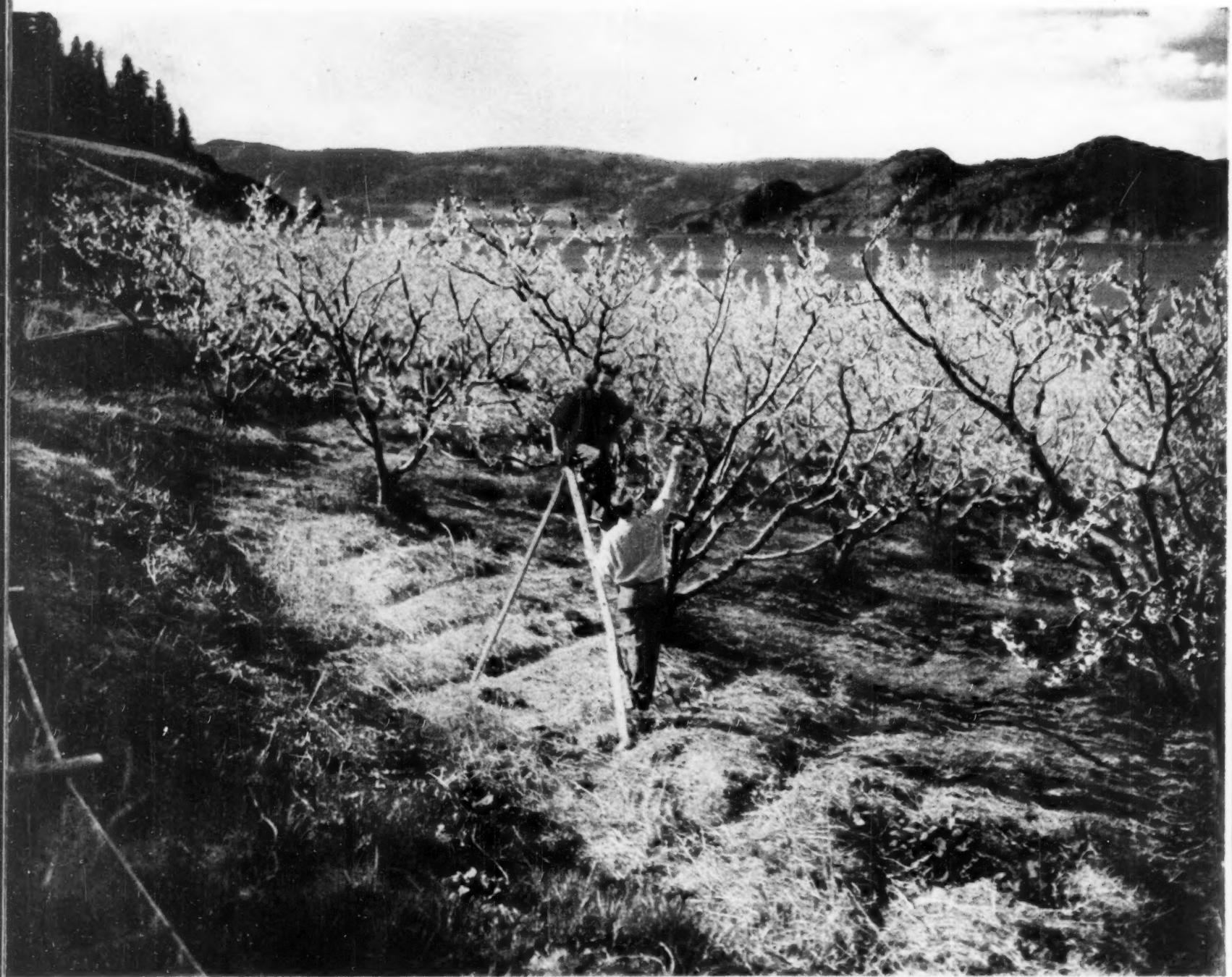
WHEN the crops are good everyone who lives on the prairie grins, prays or looks fit to bust with pride. Karsh, in his visit to Regina last fall, found himself in the middle of the richest and biggest harvest in history and the traditional reactions and expressions were as plentiful as the wheat itself.

"The only characters I ran into who seemed actually smug," the photographer said, "were a combine and a turkey gobbler. No one else really forgets, even in the best of years, that land and nature have sometimes been cruel and niggardly in the past and are capable of being equally cruel and niggardly in the future." ★

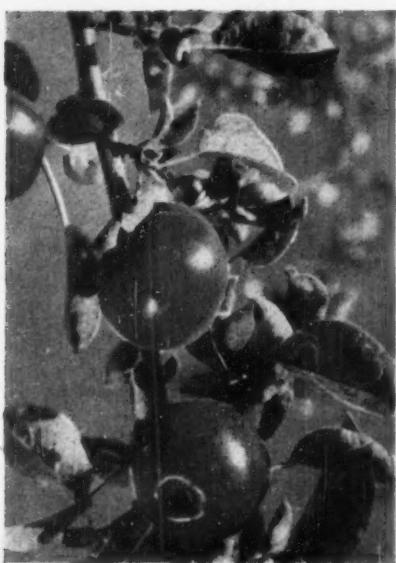


**The Scenic and
Succulent**

OKANAGAN



The Colin Ryans, of Vancouver, gather peach blossom in a valley orchard close by the lake.



This fruitful B. C. valley has purple hills,
blue waters, cactus, tireless boosters
and the fearsome Ogopogo.
But most of all it has the McIntosh Red

BY MAC REYNOLDS

BEHIND THE coast range of British Columbia and beyond reach of the Pacific's thunderheads lies a narrow terraced valley which extends north from the United States border one hundred and twenty miles at an altitude of eleven hundred feet. Here the sun shines two thousand hours a year and the winds tug at the brandy-glass boughs of the apple trees and the washing on the line blows sweetly clean.

The valley's soil is so rich it generally can be counted on to grow half of Canada's apple crop. Its air is so bracing a valley mayor recently sent a five-gallon cask of it to an admirer in a less balmy clime. Its weather is so tropical a coast ball club uses its sun-baked diamonds for spring training instead of going south. And when a contest was held to choose a name for a valley community a visiting Toronto preacher simply had to look around him to pick a winner. He combined *Kal*, Greek for beautiful, with *Eden*, after the biblical orchard, and Kaleden swept the contest.

For this is the Okanagan Valley, two hundred and fifty miles from Vancouver, where they say a man's near eighty before he begins to feel his age, what with the sun and the air and all. In fact the city clerk in one northern valley town was ninety and the veteran of one thousand consecutive council meetings before he agreed to go into semi-retirement.

The Okanagan is the hills that mirror blue in crystal waters at sunup and silhouette purple at sundown . . . It's the smoke trail of the Kettle Valley train . . . It's the clean snapping sound of a bite into a crisp McIntosh. In the spring, it's the falling blossoms giving perpetual care to the postage-stamp cemeteries wedged between orchards; in the fall, it's the golden tamarack on the hills and the smell of bush fires and the pine props holding up fruit-heavy branches and the Kootenay Doukhobors in for the picking.

In season and out, it's plenty good enough for seventy thousand citizens custodians of a history of fur-trading, missionaries, gold-rushes, stern-wheelers and cattle ranching—who today mix culture with their horticulture and live a sunny life singularly free of slums and crime.

The valley seems, on casual inspection, to have been snipped from the Mexican border country and carelessly repasted too far north on the map. Yet, even within this generous boundary, it refuses to be typed. A four-hour drive from the south of the valley to the north takes a traveler through no fewer than seventeen clearly defined climatic zones. These range from stark desert, where one expects thirst-racked prospectors to come crawling between bleached cattle skulls, to a green dairy bowl whose nippy cheese is sold across Canada as Ontario Cheddar.

A glacier did the ground work during the ice age. It dug a lake that runs through the valley like a main artery, sixty-nine miles long, two miles wide and seven hundred and sixty feet deep. It carved the hillsides into terraces and when it melted it left the terraces padded with rich glacial flour. The lake acted like a thermostat, cooling the terraces in summer, warming them in winter. But the rain clouds never got over the western mountain range and, with only twelve inches of rain a year, the valley raised a bumper crop of bull pine, sage brush, bunch grass, spiny cactus, greasewood, five-toed kangaroo rats and rattlesnakes. To make things less inviting still, Indian legend stocked the lake with a man-eating monster.

Lush Living in the Big Three

Today you'd never know the place. The ranchers tapped the mountain snows and brought water down to their rich, arid benches by ditches, flumes and pipes. The rattlesnakes died of their own venom. During the Twenties a pupil at the Vernon Preparatory School died of a rattler bite. The headmaster, the Rev. A. C. Mackie, swore vengeance. For more than two decades this dedicated figure, armed with a pronged stick and a .22 pistol, roamed the Okanagan bluffs. In his nut-brown tweeds and soft leather vest he had killed more than one thousand rattlers by 1951 and had stuffed their rattles in Royal Navy tobacco tins and old ships' lanterns.

Now for the monster. The combined boards of trade of the Okanagan leaped on his back, named him Ogopogo, built a thriving tourist business around his antics and sold monster miniatures to tourists at a dollar apiece.

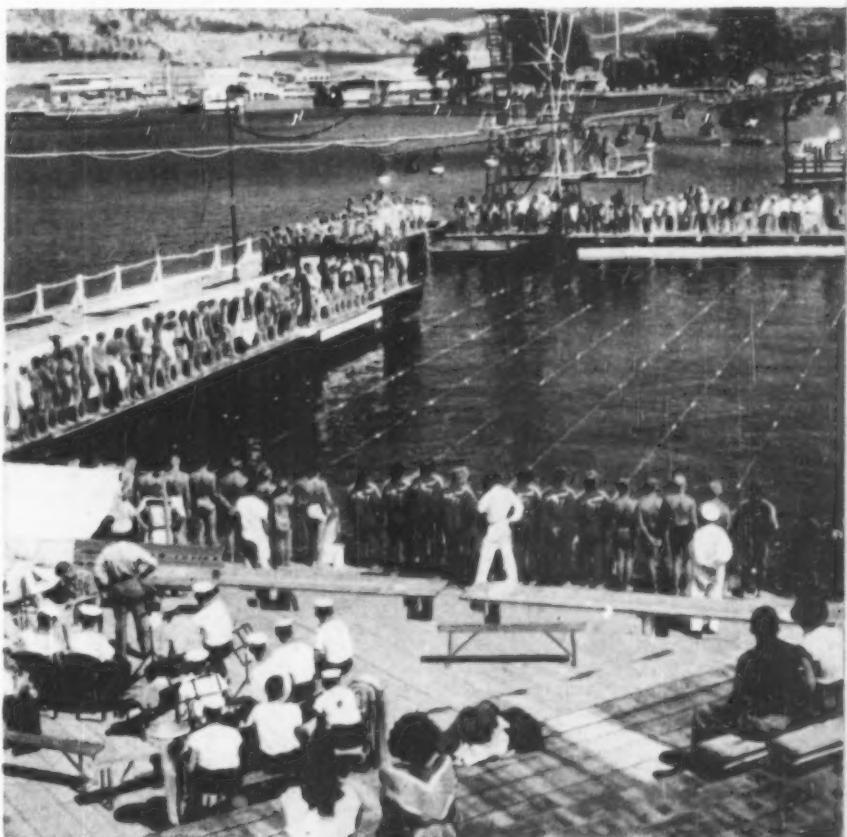
Today the irrigated and snakeless benchlands can grow a twenty-seven-million-dollar annual tree-fruit crop, the harvest from 1,017,000 apple trees and 1,290,000 soft-fruit trees such as peach, pear, plum and cherry. They support four thousand progressive fruit ranchers—so progressive they have bypassed the birds and the bees and now are shooting pollen into their trees with shotguns—who are the boss of their own sales outlet, the largest co-operative marketing agency in Canada, and their own processing plants.

Frost damage, high costs and lost sterling markets have in recent seasons taken some of the jingle from their overalls pockets, but there's still enough left to give to the three cities that are the core of the Okanagan one of Canada's highest standards of living.

The big three of the Okanagan are Penticton, at the southern tip of Okanagan Lake, Kelowna, halfway up, and *Continued on page 35*



Penticton boasts peaches and beaches. For annual peach festival Hudson's Bay Co. workers built this lush float for queen Valvadette First, at centre.



Kelowna's yearly high spot is the regatta. Businessmen eagerly raised a stake of twenty-five thousand dollars to attract Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird.

A Man's Got to Lie Once in a W

THIRD PRIZE, MACLEAN'S FICTION CONTEST

By VERA JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

W

ELL, NOW, the truth is a fine thing if you use it wisely and in moderation—but did you ever stop to consider that too much truth can be just as dangerous as too many lies? Anyways, that's what Willie Huckelmeyer claimed.

(Thanks, I don't mind if I do. It's a long story and a dry one.)

To begin at the beginning—which is always a very good place to start a story—you must understand that Willie's mother was the boss in that family. A fine God-fearing woman she was too, built like a brick hen-house and with muscles to match. She had a voice on her like a bull moose—raw and hard and strong—and when she started in to talk the rest of the family sat back and listened.

There were seven boys, all born criminals like boys everywhere, and it was no easy thing to turn them into respectable citizens. But if the job could be done, she was the woman to do it. She knew the Bible like the back of her hand—that is to say, she'd recognize the cover anywhere; but as to what was inside, well, she had her own ideas about that.

As soon as the boys were old enough to bite their gums on knucklebones left over from the soup she began drilling them in the three commandments. "Work hard"—that was number one. "Keep clean"—that was number two. "Don't tell lies"—that was the last of them, and the one she laid the most stress on.

Now mind you, she wasn't like one of these preachers who blast the congregation from the pulpit. She believed that the way to get an idea across is to beat people over the head with it, and that's how she went about it. She took a rough cloth and laundry soap to their faces and scrubbed down to the second layer of skin. She yanked a comb through the tangles in their hair and if they squealed she gave them a healthy rap on the skull. She shoveled *holopchis* into them, and other queer Polish dishes, until their bellies stuck out like little drums and if they didn't swallow fast enough she hit them on the head with a spoon. When it was time for bed she grabbed them by an ear or a hank of hair—whichever was handiest—and luggered them into the house. And all the time she was hollering at them—"Keep clean! Work hard! Don't tell lies!"

Now the words by themselves might not have made much of an impression, but the boys always had a bruise or a bump or a sore spot that fixed them in their minds. It was the Huckelmeyer system of memory aid and believe me it had it all over Pelmanism and the rest of them.

The result of this hardy training was that Willie never in his life told even a small fib just by way of courtesy—and that's the way it was, right

up until his sixth birthday. After that the only man you could have compared him with was that fellow from the Bible—Ananias, that's his name.

It was curious, too, the way it all came about. It seems the mother was a warm-hearted creature, as fierce and vigorous in her loving as she was in her preaching. In fact, she once broke two of her husband's ribs through hugging him with too much exuberance—but that's by the way. The thing is, she was stubborn about birthdays. Never a one would she allow to pass without a gift and a cake with candles, even when they were scraping the bottom of the barrel. So when Willie's sixth birthday came along he got his present as usual. The funds must have been low about that time because Willie's father—a clever man with his hands, though slow-thinking and not much of a one for conversation—made it himself with a piece of brass tubing and a length of chain.

It was a trapeze that hung from the big beam in the basement. And Willie knew, as soon as he laid eyes on it, that it was the very thing he'd wanted all his life—though he'd never thought of it before, mind you.

He was down the basement the whole day, hanging upside down by the backs of his knees until his face turned red as a scrubwoman's elbow, tying himself in reef knots, skinning the cat, twisting himself into all the strange positions he could think of; and at the end of the afternoon he called in the boy next door to watch him go through his whole bag of tricks.

It was a grave mistake, that. You see, the boy next door was seven. If he'd been five, or five and a half, he would just have sat there with his eyes wide and said nothing. But being seven, he naturally had to put Willie in his place. So he waited until Willie was finished and then he said, "I've got a cousin five years old. *He can hang by his toes.*"

Well now, you can see what a terrible blow that would be. There was Willie, with his hair sticking out every which way and the sweat standing out on him like dew, smiling and bowing and waiting for the applause—and then suddenly struck by a thunderbolt, in a manner of speaking.

Sure, it was enough to befuddle a grown man, let alone a boy of six. Before you could say "cushla mochree" he comes out with the first lie of his life.

"So can I," he says, and it was out so quick he could hardly believe it was himself that said it.

The other boy looks at him with a dirty smile on his face and says, "Let's see you."

So Willie turned around, sick at heart, and walked to the trapeze. He *Continued on page 39*

With his cunning tongue

Willie wriggled his way from barefoot boy to senator.

But what could he do with Sarah,
who wanted the truth—but not the whole truth?

James Hill



While



Where the news is always good

H-bombs and iron curtains, vice scandals and "viewing with alarm" never mar the scripts of **Neighborly News**, the CBC's cross-country cracker barrel. And the welcome relief it brings listeners has won it a smash-hit rating



Don Fairbairn culls country weeklies for human-interest items for his part of the national show. Below, he gets spot news from C. V. Charters, Brampton Conservator.



By VICTOR MAXWELL

JACK HUMBLE, who farms near Auburton, Sask., went out into his yard one cold day last year to get a washtub full of fresh snow. Suddenly a large buck came charging around the corner of the barn and made straight for him. Jack defended himself as best he could with the tub and then ran into the house. The enraged deer followed and took a stand on his back step, as if daring him to come out. Jack phoned neighbor Jim Junk who came over and shot the animal. "Who in heck said life on the farm is monotonous?" commented Jack.

That yarn, taken from the Oxbow Herald, and thousands like it come close to being Canadians' favorite radio fare. It was told over the air from Winnipeg one Sunday morning by Slim Greene on one of the CBC's least costly and most listened to sustaining shows, Neighborly News.

Once a week the year round (Sunday morning at ten, except on the west coast where the show is aired Wednesday evening at six) four broadcasters in four regions—maritimes, central, prairie and west coast—go on the air for fifteen minutes and in a nice folksy manner spin yarns they have clipped from about a thousand Canadian weekly newspapers.

These are the kind of stories neighbors tell each other in their back kitchens or sitting around the potbellied stove in the curling rink. Stories of ordinary people and the things ordinary people are interested in. Like the Langley Prairie, B.C., man who by mistake swallowed two plant pills each having the fertilizer value of one wheelbarrow of barnyard manure; or the hundred-and-twelve-pound squash grown by John Miner, of Wolfville Ridge, N.S.; or the red fox that jumped onto the back of hunter Francis Reid at Maclean's Mountain, Ont.; or the twenty-eight-year-old horse that wandered into the curling rink at Salvador, Sask., and died with its nose on the hog line.

Not exactly events of world-shattering importance but, in these days of bomb blasts and double dealing from behind iron curtains, as refreshing as a drive through the country in autumn. W. R. Junkin, of Winnipeg, said it for thousands of listeners when he wrote the CBC: "After listening to murders, suicides, plane crashes, train wrecks, crises and disasters of all kinds on the news broadcasts it is refreshing to hear of Joe Koliiski's hen laying the smallest egg ever laid."

The letter also points up the fact that city people delight in this folksy fare almost as much as their country cousins. A recent survey in Ontario indicated that when it's on the air Neighborly News captures forty-eight percent of radio listeners whose sets are turned on at that time. In rural areas they had sixty-five percent of the audience and—what stunned even the CBC—in cities of more than one hundred thousand population forty percent of all radios in use were bringing in the stuff.

Seventeen Hundred Sunday Shakes

These figures are admittedly flattering, for Neighborly News has no high-priced commercial competition during the hours in which it's aired. But when Don Fairbairn, who handles the Ontario and Quebec broadcast, read them he was sufficiently impressed to ask for a raise from his salary of fifty dollars a week. "After battling six months I finally got it," says Fairbairn. "Five dollars a week!" For this he reads or pays to have read about two hundred and twenty-five weekly newspapers, clips out the human interest items, writes the script and reads it on the air.

Having the most papers to go through Fairbairn is the highest paid of the Neighborly News broadcasters. Jim Coulter, who compiles his broadcast from fifty to sixty Maritime weeklies, receives thirty-five dollars a week; Slim (Cyril Frederick) Greene collects forty-five a week on the prairies with more than two hundred papers; and Les Way, who scans sixty-five B.C. papers, collects thirty a week.

None of these broadcasters makes a full-time job of Neighborly News, of course, and each finds the "grass-roots" contacts he makes tremendously stimulating.

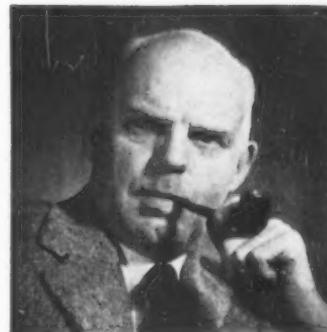
There are other compensations. Although among the poorest-paid broadcasters in the country each in his own region is a well-known personality. Farmers who wouldn't walk across the street to see Bob Hope will drive ten miles through a blizzard to shake the hand of Slim Greene if he happens to be in their town. When Don Fairbairn originated his show in Smiths Falls recently in honor of that town's centennial more than seventeen hundred turned up at the hall on Sunday morning just to see him and shake his hand.

Although the four Neighborly Newsers never get together to compare notes and, in most cases, have never even met they possess a number of common qualities. Each has an unpolished homespun voice and style; each has a good sense of humor in the Will Rogers' tradition; each has a background of agriculture or small-town publishing; each is chuck to the ears with cracker-barrel philosophy; and each possesses a rugged individualism characteristic of the weekly editors whom he, in a sense, represents.

None of the broadcasters uses bad grammar or clutters up his sentences with "by cracky's" but none sounds much like a radio announcer either. One listener wrote, "We get so sick and tired of these smooth syrupy-voiced announcers." Another commented, "It's just as though you were sitting here in our old rocking chair telling us about how the reeve bust his braces when he tried to pin the ribbon on the tall gelding at the horse show."

Jim Coulter, the genial forty-four-year-old balding Irishman who does the program from Halifax, is a humorist, philosopher, poet and something of a rolling stone. Since coming to Canada from Dublin twenty-five years ago he has farmed on the prairies, prospected in the north, mined in British Columbia and lived in each of the Maritime provinces. Now he does free-lance magazine and radio work out of his home in Milford Station. *Continued on page 32*

These Four "Good Neighbors" Span the Country Each Week



The Maritimes



Quebec Ontario

DON FAIRBAIRN has had famous names in his Over-90 Club. He is often called upon to judge beauty shows.



The Prairies

SLIM GREENE, six-feet-four, still retains a trace of his English accent. He runs his own public-relations company.



The West Coast

LES WAY, once a wrestler, believes that some big-city folk don't appreciate the importance of the country.

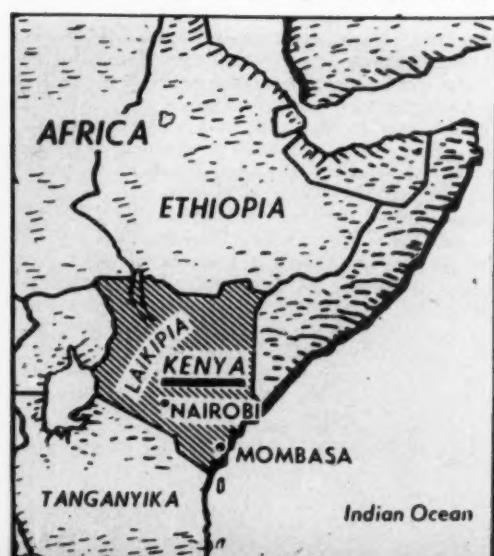


Kikuyu women protesting the arrest of five hundred tribesmen are dispersed by sticks of British police. Some women carried infants strapped to their backs.

A strangled mutilated cat is a "death sign" of Mau Mau. A note with this one threatened death to any natives working for Europeans.

Anti-Mau Mau witch doctor invokes the Thenge, a supreme juju fashioned from an elephant's vertebra, to block the curse of the Mau Mau.

The Mau Mau country — mostly mountains and forest — spreads over three thousand square miles of Kenya, a strategic British colony.



I Live in the Mau Mau Country

**Every night the outnumbered Europeans
in the rain forests and scattered
farmlands of Kenya keep armed watch,
wondering where the knife terror of
the Mau Mau will strike next**

By DUDLEY HAWKINS

NAIROBI

ILIVE in the Mau Mau country. From my window I can look over the hibiscus bushes now bursting into flower with the long-awaited rains to the long line of hills—the jungle hide-outs of the most militant secret society in the world.

I can see winding over the vlei-land the paths which have become so familiar at night as my neighbors and I patrol the beat allotted to us by the police, for in Kenya most white men live a twenty-four-hour day.

That's not because we are a besieged people or a frightened people, but because Mau Mau is dangerous and quick. At least sixty men and women have been murdered and none of us knows when the next blow will be struck.

Today the trouble is centred up among the semi-explored Aberdare Mountains, a tangle of ravines and dense rain forest. Tomorrow it may be among the cultivated lands of the great sisal estates and coffee plantations. And the day after it may be in our own back yard.

Everybody is on watch in Kikuyuland, three thousand square miles of this British colony of Kenya that stretches eight hundred miles inland on the equator to the great lake of Victoria and the source of the Nile.

The natives of Kikuyuland are hated by the other tribes of Kenya because of their aspirations gained through longer and closer association with the Europeans. There are just over a million and a quarter of them, roughly a fourth of Kenya's total native population. Many still live an almost stone-age existence. Others flaunt brilliant ties and pointed shoes as they talk politics and horse racing in the back alleys of the shantytown that surrounds the bustling modern capital, Nairobi. Most of the house servants in Nairobi are from this tribe, most of the bus drivers and the hotel waiters, most of the messenger boys and most of the criminals.

My own houseboy, a Kikuyu, is probably a member of Mau Mau. It's almost certain that to save himself from violence he has allowed the sacred seven cuts to be made on his arm.

The secrecy and oaths by which Mau Mau has spread its tentacles into the remotest parts of Kikuyuland are typical of a dozen or more earlier secret societies. There has been the Dini ya Msambwa (*dini* means society) a fanatical sect drawing its members from the wild Sub tribe on the desert fringes of the northern frontier district. It was led by an ex-lunatic who preached that the days of the Europeans were numbered and that police bullets would turn to water.

At the "Battle of Baringo" three years ago Dini ya Msambwa clashed with the police, three of whom were speared to death. The police bullets did not turn to water. The leader was killed and so were a score of his disciples.

Then there was the Dini ya Jesu Kristo in the Kiambu district, led by another self-styled messiah wearing a red cloak and a red peaked cap. He also told his two hundred followers that police bullets would turn to water. One police officer was killed, this time so that the members of this sect could be baptized in European blood. The Man in Red was captured and hanged together with eight of his followers.

The Mau Mau fundamentally is another manifestation of the anti-European feeling which inspired its predecessors. As the Man in Red did before them, Mau Mau's leaders combat the white man's religious *Continued on next page*



Since these loyal chiefs posed for their picture all but one have been murdered.



Lancashire Fusiliers patrol a Kikuyu forest looking for terrorists in hiding.

Mau Mau suspects are held in barbed-wire camp. Structure in rear is a gallows.



Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY: An amiable little musical, derived from a Damon Runyon tale. It has to do with a big-time bookie (Scott Brady) whose honeychild sweetheart (Mitzi Gaynor) is guarded by a pair of sad and funny dogs. Miss Gaynor sings and dances fetchingly, and Wally Vernon is amusing as a hypochondriac mobster.

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER: Two of Britain's best moviemakers, director David Lean and writer Terence Rattigan, join forces in what is probably the finest aviation film ever made. The excellent cast includes Ralph Richardson as a dedicated manufacturer of faster-than-sound aircraft, Ann Todd as his anxious daughter, and Nigel Patrick as her husband, a test pilot.

THE CRIMSON PIRATE: An enjoyable burlesque of buccaneer action meller-drammers. Burt Lancaster and Nick Cravat have the time of their lives as a pair of acrobatic sea-devils, and William Alwyn's rollicking musical score offers incidental pleasure.

HORIZONS WEST: Not even the night-club comics who make fun of movie dialogue have often dreamed up cornier stuff than some of the chitchat in this pretentious western, starring the able Robert Ryan as a southern cattle baron in the 1860s.

LIMELIGHT: Neither a comedy nor a tragedy, but something in between, Charles Chaplin's new film drama succeeds in being either hilarious or deeply touching in its better moments. All told, I think it's a picture to cherish. A forgotten clown (Chaplin) and a discouraged ballet dancer (Claire Bloom) are the principals.

MEET ME TONIGHT: Three of Noel Coward's playlets from *Tonight at 8:30* are here packaged into one standard-length movie. The format resembles the justly admired *Somerset Maugham* bundles from Britain, but falls considerably short of them in grace, wit, and cinematic vigor. Stanley Holloway, however, impressively portrays a hen-pecked man who finally rebels.

MY PAL GUS: An engaging yarn about a self-made millionaire (Richard Widmark), his ruthless ex-wife (Audrey Totter), his endearing small son, and the lad's pretty teacher (Joanne Dru). Bassoon-voiced little George Winslow plays the youngster with hardly a trace of the usual precocious affectations.

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND: A coy and contrived domestic comedy. Husband Macdonald Carey, in a moment of stress, confesses to wife Anne Baxter that he once had a secret fling with her favorite girl friend. The wife's prolonged revenge spins out a dull, predictable chronicle.

OPERATION SECRET: Bogged down by interminable "flashbacks," this is a rather confusing story about derring-do in the French underground during the Second World War. Its best shots—and they are quite fascinating—are from official German films of wartime experiments with robot missiles and jet planes.

OUTPOST IN MALAYA: The precarious relationship between a dogged planter (Jack Hawkins) and his frustrated spouse (Claudette Colbert) is drastically tested when fierce bandits invade their diggings. A British film, slow at first but fairly gripping at the finish, and enlivened by sharp on-the-spot photography.

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE: Gary Cooper in another western, nowhere near *High Noon* in quality but still better than a lot of 'em. He appears as a rocklike Union officer who lets himself be kicked out of the army in disgrace in order to cloak his future activities as an undercover operative. Paul Kelly is good as an enigmatic colonel.

VENETIAN BIRD: The photogenic canals and streets of Venice impart at least a surface realism to an otherwise murky and stereotyped story about a British private detective (Richard Todd) awfully in a nest of thugs, assassins and mysterious women.

Gilmour Rates

Affair in Trinidad: Drama. Fair.
African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
Because of You: Drama. Fair.
Because You're Mine: Lanza operatic comedy. Good.
Big Jim McLain: Spy drama. Fair.
The Big Sky: Adventure. Good.
Come Back, Little Sheba: Marriage drama. Excellent.
The Devil Makes 3: Suspense. Good.
Dreamboat: Satiric comedy. Good.
Fearless Fagan: Comedy. Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
The Fourposter: Marital drama. Fair.
The Happy Time: Comedy. Good.
Hawks in the Sun: Air war. Good.
High Noon: Western. Tops.
Hurricane Smith: Tropic drama. Poor.
Importance of Being Earnest: Oscar Wilde comedy. Excellent.
Ivanhoe: Adventure drama. Excellent.
Just For You: Crosby musical. Fair.
The Merry Widow: Musical. Fair.

Miracle in Milan: Italian fantasy. Good.
Mr. Denning Drives North: Suspense drama (British). Fair.
Monkey Business: Comedy. Fair.
My Man and I: Drama. Fair.
Narrow Margin: Suspense. Excellent.
Never Take No for an Answer: Comedy-drama. Good.
O. Henry's Full House: Multi-story "package." Good.
Pat and Mike: Comedy. Excellent.
Penny Princess: Comedy. Fair.
Plymouth Adventure: Sea drama. Good.
The Quiet Man: Irish comedy. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Snows of Kilimanjaro: Drama. Good.
Story of Mandy: Drama. Good.
Story of Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
Story of Will Rogers: Biography. Fair.
The Thief: No-talk spy tale. Good.
Water Birds: Wildlife short. Good.
What Price Glory?: 1914 war. Fair.
You For Me: Hospital farce. Fair.

influence by proclaiming that Jesus Christ—in whom many tribesmen have learned to believe—was an Englishman and therefore could not be the true Son of God. They combat the white man's political influence by playing on the black man's grievances—many of them thoroughly valid—and by constantly reminding their fearful fellow Africans that if the white man's law is stronger, the black man's law is crueler.

It is difficult to know where Mau Mau started; even more difficult to guess where it may end. So far nobody in authority has been able to get to the full meaning or origins of this movement that has spread terror across Kenya.

Just after the war large numbers of the Kikuyu tribe migrated to Nairobi. It was a natural drift to the town, hastened by soil erosion in the farmlands, and the demand among the young men to seek adventure and fortune in the growing industry of Kenya, but the town couldn't provide enough jobs or shelter.

There was a crime wave. Malcontents, finding that a white collar and a knowledge of the ABC was not the right key to easy riches, formed themselves into gangs of housebreakers and footpads. The government decided to introduce *kipandes* (pronounced kipandies), a form of certificated registration, and made plans to make the Kikuyus in the reserve understand the meaning and practice of soil conservation.

At this stage Jomo Kenyatta, political boss of the Kikuyus, returned from Russia. Whether or not it was on his advice, young men began to take secret oaths. Africans like secret societies and a benign but rather shortsighted administration took no notice. From the desire to abolish *kipandes* and not participate in soil conservation the Kikuyus' objective changed to the sabotage of European farms and a great plan to "unsettle the settlers" emerged.

By the summer of 1952 Mau Mau was gaining a hold and men, women and children were being press-ganged into membership. Police action to check the movement was hampered because witnesses called in prosecutions against the society disappeared mysteriously. Headless bodies were found in jungle streams and the sign of the dead cat appeared on European farms.

Dead cats, often mutilated, are Kikuyu notes of warning. They may presage death or attack and mean, "You are a marked man if you don't clear out."

The Mau Mau oath, which perhaps two hundred thousand have taken, is sworn in blood, generally that of a freshly killed sheep, but sometimes of a freshly killed human. It is based on the number seven, the sacred number of the Kikuyu tribe. When it is to be administered a meeting place is arranged. (A friend of mine returned from holiday to find that a Mau Mau ceremony was going on in the servants' quarters of his own house, not a hundred yards from the local police station.)

Scouts are posted, a code word is arranged and in singles and pairs the initiates are brought in. There is often an arch of banana leaves. There is always blood. There are seven oaths which vary from district to district but the burden of them is the same—the swearing of implicit obedience to the society on pain of death, the promise to kill Europeans and the promise never to help the government or the police.

Each of the seven oaths is pledged by a bite from the heart of a freshly killed sheep, confirmed by a sip of

blood, human or animal, and seven wounds made by the knife of the administrator of the oath. Above all is the injunction that death will overtake anyone who breaks the oath. That is one of the reasons for the savage killing of Africans.

The number of European deaths, compared with the violence with which the Mau Mau have been conducting their campaign, has been few. The wife of a postal official was hacked to death at the back door of her home in the outer suburbs of Nairobi. A man on a lonely farm was butchered as he was taking his evening bath. A retired naval commander was chopped to death as Mau Mau invaded the farm where he and his wife were having dinner. The wife with thirty cuts from a machete-like knife, managed to drive her car to a police post before collapsing.

A neighbor of mine and his wife were attacked and left lying in pools of blood, but are recovering.

It is the Africans themselves, particularly those who in the face of threats remain loyal to the government, who have suffered most. Chief Waruhiu, a stately old man known as "the African Churchill," died in a typical Chicago-type murder. Tom Mbete, an African member of the Nairobi City Council, was knifed to death in Nairobi's shanty town. I knew him well. He was fearless in his denunciation of the Mau Mau.

Although scores of Mau Mau members will be hanged, few members of the society have been killed in police action. Eighteen were shot when a mixed meeting of Mau Mau, Dini ya Jesu Kristo and Dini ya Msambwa attempted to murder several policemen. Eight others were shot by police when they attacked a small scouting party searching for Mau Mau suspects.

Hundreds of head of stock have been mutilated and killed by Mau Mau and attempts have been made to fire European grazing land. It was feared that the Kikuyu tribesfolk used as labor on coffee estates would desert; so far they haven't.

When they murder fellow Africans the Mau Mau go in for slow atavistic executions. In the Nyeri district, not far from the Royal Lodge at Sagana where Queen Elizabeth learned of the death of her father, a village headman told the police that he had reason to believe that the Mau Mau were planning an oath-taking ceremony. He was caught by the Mau Mau who ordered almost the whole village to come and watch him die.

The villagers were told to form a circle and inside that circle the executioners formed another circle. Inside that was the headman. Then the execution began—execution by *panga*, the two-foot-long knife that is used by Kikuyu to till their fields and chop their wood.

First one of the executioners stepped forward and slashed at the headman, then another and another. There was no escape. An arm was severed at the elbow, his cheek slashed to reveal his teeth. Another blow tore open his thigh. No thrust was lethal until a glibbering bloody mass, the headman fell to the ground. He was then decapitated, his arms and legs cut off. The executioners and the crowd dispersed and the body of the informer was left to the hyenas or the police, whichever arrived first.

Nobody in that village when questioned knew anything about the affair. The answers were *sijui* (I do not know) or silence. It took weeks to piece together the story—a story that has been repeated time and again in the forests of Kikuyuland.

An administrative officer who has worked among the Kikuyu for years

It's easy to win!

Just think of a name for the friendly Great Dane who has invaded the Gildersleeve household

He's 140 pounds of dog and he needs a name badly. The Great Gildersleeve has given up and asks your help. A simple name like Gildie the Second or Brown Bomber might win. These are just suggestions to start you thinking. You can easily think of many better names. Originality counts.

3 Contests...3 Cars

All these 68 prizes given every 2 weeks

1st Prize New '53 Ford Victoria (or cash retail value if you prefer), plus \$200 cash bonus if 2 "yellow end flaps" accompany entry.



2nd Prize Westinghouse Laundromat Automatic Washer and Electric Clothes Dryer.



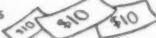
3rd Prize Westinghouse Combination Radio-Phonograph



15 Westinghouse Electric Food Mixers



50 crisp new \$10 bills



Enter all three contests often as you wish

1st Contest ends midnight February 14, 1953
2nd Contest starts February 15, ends midnight February 28, 1953
3rd Contest starts March 1, ends midnight March 14, 1953

Name the Great Gildersleeve's new dog...

Win a

'53 Ford Victoria!

in PARKAY MARGARINE'S Big Canadian Contest

3 Fords given away—plus
201 other valuable prizes!



Here it is ... the Ford Victoria ... the smartest car on the road. All the dashing style of a Convertible, with the spaciousness of a Sedan. Carries six adults in super comfort. Comes equipped with Automatic Drive, Heater and White Sidewall tires. Your choice of color.

RADIO'S POPULAR BACHELOR, The Great Gildersleeve, has problem on his hands. A Great Dane dog has just joined the household. He's huge. He's handsome. But he's nameless. And the family can't agree on what to call him.

Just by helping to pick out a name for the dog you may win a wonderful prize. (See prize listing above.)

Here's all you do: Go to your grocer's and buy a package of Kraft's delicious New Parkay Margarine. Tear off the yellow end flap and mail it to Parkay with your suggested name for the Great Dane. Use the entry

blank on this page or obtain extra entry blanks from your grocer's. Be sure to read all rules carefully before you mail your entries.

Each Ford Victoria winner can also win a \$200 cash bonus. Just include with your entry the yellow end flap from two (2) packages of New Parkay Margarine instead of one. Then if your name for The Great Gildersleeve's dog is awarded a first prize, you will receive a bonus of \$200 in cash.

Your entry will receive the same consideration for First Prize if only one end flap is enclosed. The only difference is you will not be eligible to receive a special \$200 cash bonus prize.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES TO WIN!

1 Print or write clearly your suggested name for the Gildersleeve dog. Use the coupon in this advertisement, a plain piece of paper or an entry blank from your grocer's.

2 Print your name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the grocer from whom you buy New Parkay Margarine.

3 Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name suggestion on a separate entry blank.

4 With each entry enclose the yellow end flap from any package of New Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the \$200.00 cash bonus awarded to Ford Victoria winners, enclose two yellow end flaps from two packages of Parkay. (In each case reasonable facsimiles will be accepted.) Every qualifying entry received will be judged.

5 Mail entries to Parkay Margarine, Box 1545, Dept. B, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

6 There will be three fortnightly contests. First contest closes February 14th, 1953; second contest closes February 28th, 1953; third contest closes March 14th, 1953. Entries received before midnight February 14th will be judged in the first contest. Thereafter, entries as received will be judged in the then current contest. Entries for the final contest must be postmarked before midnight March 14th and

must be received by March 21st. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. Kraft Foods Limited assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage do not qualify and will not be considered. You accept all conditions of rules when you enter.

7 Contest prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than one prize in each of the three contests, nor more than one first prize in any of the contests. Complete list of winners will be sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of final contest. Winners names will be published.

8 Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement will be awarded to the contestants whose name suggestions are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties in any of the three contests. All entries become the property of Kraft Foods Limited.

9 This contest is open to any person living in those provinces in Canada where the sale of margarine is permitted by provincial law. Residents of Quebec and Prince Edward Island are not eligible. Employees of Kraft Foods Limited, its advertising agencies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY—Tune in "The Great Gildersleeve" Wednesday evenings over CBC Dominion Network. (Check your local newspaper for time.)

KRAFT'S NEW PARKAY

spreads smoothly even when ice cold!

You'll love the way it tastes, you'll love the way it spreads! New Parkay comes in the handy Color-Kwik bag and in the regular pack. It is also sold in quarters and colored yellow where provincial laws permit.



Send yellow end flap with your entry

Clip this Entry Blank

Mail to Parkay Margarine, Box 1545, Dept. B, Toronto, Ont. Enclose the yellow end flap from any package of New Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the Special \$200 cash bonus prize for Ford Victoria winners, enclose two yellow end flaps.

My name for the dog _____

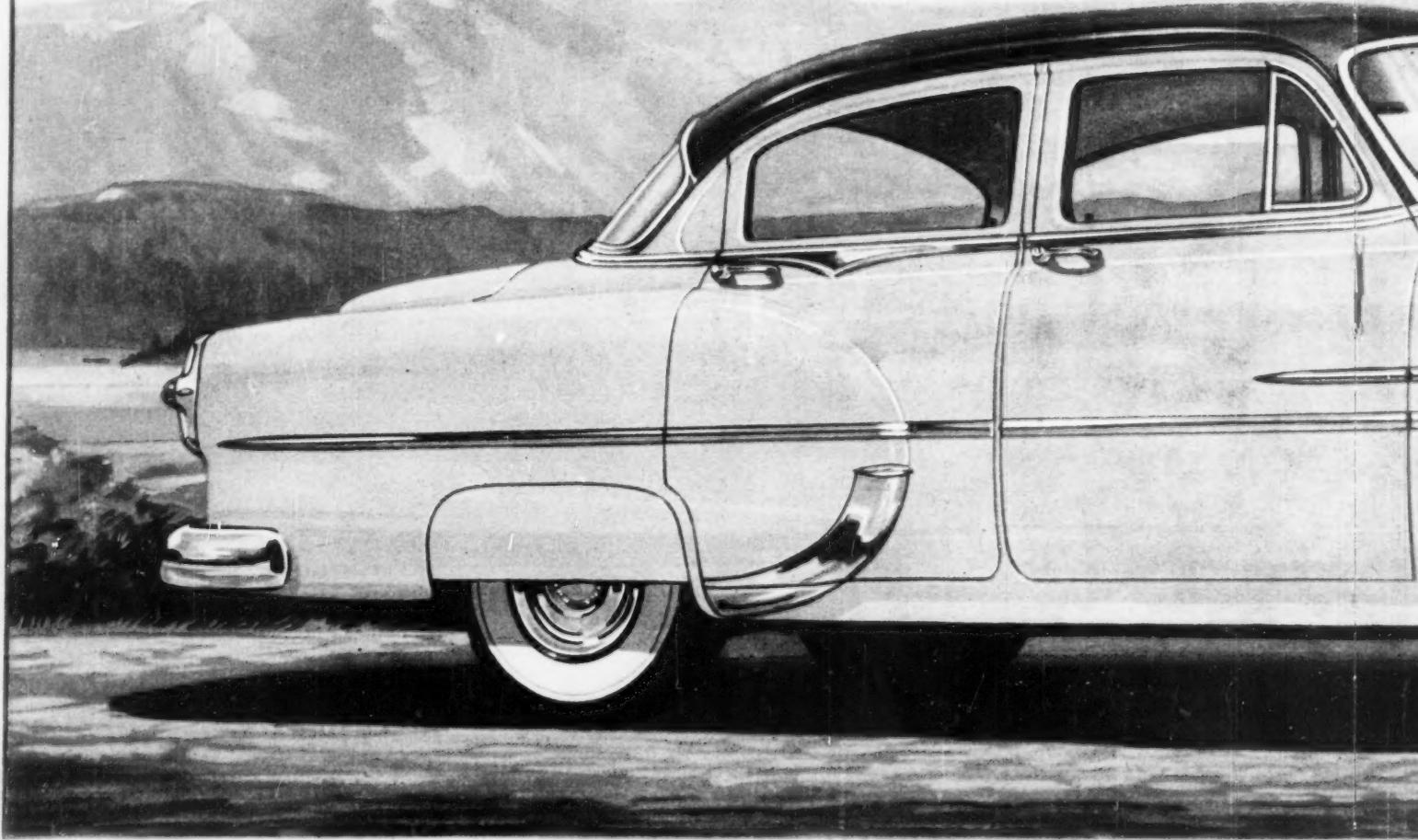
My own name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov _____

Grocer's name and address _____

Get extra entry blanks from your grocer's or use plain paper.



PRESENTING THE NEW
Dual-Streak Pontiac for '53
DRAMATIC! EXCITING! BRILLIANT!

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1953



FIVE GREAT SERIES...with a wealth of wonderful features

Here, in the greatest Pontiacs ever built, is the perfect expression of the Pontiac tradition—to produce motor cars classed among the very finest, yet priced among the lowest.

For 1953, Pontiac offers you five great series—the new Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe and Laurentian series, and the already renowned Chieftain and Chieftain Deluxe series. Every wonderful Dual-Streak model is completely new in every styling detail, inside and out. Every model gives you a wealth of wonderful new features—features like the new one-piece curved windshield, and new refinements in both famous

Pontiac high-compression engines including greatly increased horsepower in the "6". In the Pathfinder Deluxe and Laurentian series, there's new, improved Powerglide^{*} automatic transmission, and, in the Chieftains, Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive*. What's more, Pontiacs that are equipped with automatic transmission now offer you the amazing new handling ease of GM Power Steering as an option at extra cost.

Truly, in every line and part, the completely new 1953 models are magnificent proof that dollar for dollar you can't beat Pontiac. See them at your nearest Pontiac dealer's.

*Optional at extra cost.

PLACE YOUR PLANT IN

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CANADA

THE LAND OF INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

POWER RESOURCES

Huge resources of potential water power of more than 11 million H.P. with available power of 1,358,000 H.P. Natural Gas assured in the near future.

TRANSPORTATION

Four railway systems. Modern Highways. Airlines to main centres of World and Province. Deep sea ships ply all year round between British Columbia harbours and World points.

BASIC INDUSTRIES

British Columbia abounds in huge resources. Basic Industries include Forestry, Mining, Agriculture and Fishing.

MANUFACTURING

Confidence which secondary industries have placed in the future of British Columbia is evidenced by the huge industrial expansion which has taken and is taking place.

PLANT SITES

Before you decide on any location, investigate British Columbia. Detailed data available on industrial sites in all areas for light and heavy industries.

In addition to these great advantages, British Columbia offers: equable climate; sound government with advanced legislation; a strategic position for world trade. Availability of skilled and unskilled workers adds to the claim of British Columbia as being the land of Industrial Opportunity.

INDUSTRIAL growth during the past 10 years

	1942	1952
Forestry	\$125,000,000	\$ 520,000,000
Mining	76,000,000	165,000,000
Agriculture	72,000,000	153,000,000
Fishing	38,000,000	80,000,000
Manufacturing	558,000,000	1,290,000,000

DEPARTMENT OF TRADE & INDUSTRY

Parliament Buildings
Victoria, B.C., Canada

Hon. Ralph Chetwynd, Minister
E. G. Rowbottom, Deputy Minister

Your enquiry will receive prompt attention and all pertinent data will be forwarded on request.

INVESTIGATE BRITISH COLUMBIA NOW!

and who is one of the few who speak the strange "running water" dialect of these forest dwellers told me: "There are few Kikuyu now who think that the government can protect them from vengeance should they fall foul of the Mau Mau. That is why they join."

The Mau Mau is controlled from four centres in Kikuyuland and, although most of the ringleaders were arrested when a state of emergency was declared, a lot of their followers escaped the net. Some have been caught since but for every man caught a new local leader springs up.

The Mau Mau initiation fee is about a dollar. It can be paid in cash (about seven East African shillings) or kind. The local leader keeps one third of the fee, sends the remainder to the central fund. As the average monthly wage of the East African laborer is only eight or nine dollars a cell leader can become rich by East African standards, especially if he has helpers who will press-gang whole villages into membership.

Police and troops are now ferreting out the Mau Mau, but in this wild country lashed by tropical rain storms, with few roads and practically no telephones, the hiders have a great advantage over the seekers. Farms are isolated and the bush gives plenty of cover. Farm laborers or house servants, members of the Mau Mau, can easily gauge the right time to strike.

Farmers' cars are fired on, sometimes with rifles stolen in earlier raids from their own farms. One member of the Mau Mau even made a solo bow-and-arrow attack on a train.

To each European in Kenya the Mau Mau poses his own particular problems. In the towns they must decide whether to dismiss the Kikuyu servants and whether to risk a visit to the cinema. They must also make sure to lock up the loaded revolver before going to work.

In the country the problem is more urgent. Farms cannot be left unattended. Farmers will not leave their wives by themselves; in fact they are forbidden to do so by law. In some areas much of the labor to plow and plant and harvest is either in prison or has run away to join Mau Mau. Doors are bolted and barred, windows covered with screens of two-inch steel mesh, and it's a brave man now who will take his after-dinner coffee on the veranda and provide an easy target for a terrorist sniper.

A farmer's wife, who lives near Gilgil on the fringes of the Aberdare forest, summed it up like this for me: "If Dick doesn't go on patrol at night he feels he's letting the others down. If he does go out he's in a blue funk wondering whether the kids and I will be all right."

"We have to have systems of alarms. Red rockets bought from navy surplus stores, wartime air-raid sirens and a simple Morse code of rifle shots give warning to the patrols that individual farms are in trouble."

Some of the Mau Mau members are literate. We know that because of the threatening letters that have been found, some written in Swahili (the lingua franca of East Africa) others in English. One series of letters threatens to "Make meat of the Europeans that will be eaten with posho." (Posho, the staple diet of the Kikuyu, is ground maize meal, boiled and eaten like porridge.)

Perhaps at this moment my own houseboy is sitting in his hut at the back of my garden, with a pencil he has stolen from my desk and, by the light of a candle filched from my wife's store cupboard, laboriously composing a note that threatens death to some-



body. Perhaps there is an African doing just the same thing in a railway station, or in a government office—nobody knows. The Mau Mau has guarded and preserved its secrecy to an extent unknown before in Africa. Its leaders have instilled secrecy by fear to such an extent that the average Kikuyu tribesman, even if he is not politically minded, will join the Mau Mau and risk losing his cattle or a term of imprisonment rather than stay outside the society and lose his life.

In some areas where the power of the local chief or the missionary has commanded respect the power of Mau Mau is not so great. Here loyal Kikuyu have formed themselves into resistance groups, groups of armed spearmen who co-operate with the police and troops in tracking down members of the society.

But those areas are few and far between and in the great areas of bamboo forest and thick tropical jungles Mau Mau is paramount. In villages the Mau Mau demand protection money or a levy of cattle or goats. Shops of Africans loyal to the government are raided.

Kikuyu women, who are allowed by tribal law to possess only a goatskin to cover their nakedness and a set of stones to cook their man's dinner, are often fanatical members of the society, urging their men to acts of cruelty that are incomprehensible to Western minds.

There are efforts now to build up the morale of the Africans so that more will be encouraged to reject the Mau Mau oath. Anti-Mau Mau witch doctors are using the sacred Thenge stone, the "stone of death," to provide an oath that is even stronger in native minds than that of the Mau Mau.

The Thenge stone, heart and soul of Kikuyu tribal law, is the vertebra of an elephant handed down from generation to generation and is such powerful medicine that only one man is allowed to touch it.

The government is encouraging these ceremonies. I attended one to watch a wizened painted witch doctor, who wore an RAF greatcoat against the chill mountain air, work himself into paroxysms of emotion as he cursed the Mau Mau.

But what was more significant was to watch scores of Africans sidle away before the actual oath was pronounced. Mau Mau members, they would not risk the threat of the Thenge stone and did not want to be informed on by



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Mau Mau spies at the ceremony. Caught between two fires many Kikuyu still prefer to be on the side of the Mau Mau.

With fields untilled, famine faces the Kikuyu tribe because the government is determined the tribe will have to foot the major portion of the bill for the unrest. The Kikuyu will be compelled to pay for the forty new police stations being built in the reserve.

The Africans in Kenya outnumber Europeans more than a hundred to one but have no say in government, low wages, few privileges. They want

more schools, more money, more land, the right to vote. The long-range government policy, as indicated by both Labour and Conservative administrations, is to lead Kenya gradually toward self-government. But the white view is that the Africans still have a long way to go. There are more than five million of them, yet fewer than a thousand can read a government announcement and understand it.

Even the Mau Mau members who have learned to wear European clothes discard them at the sect's ceremonials. What is more significant is that when

ever a European is murdered, every Mau Mau witness must take a slash at the body with sword, *panga* or spear.

That is "bleeding," the physical demonstration of manhood, legacy of darkest Africa and reminder that, whatever else is behind Mau Mau's aspirations, it is determined to recapture a past in which the young warrior needed no *kipandes*, had no worries about soil conservation, taxes, missionaries, white governors and the other unwelcome appendages of civilization — to all of which the Mau Mau feels the *panga* is the best and only answer. ★

Where the News Is Always Good

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

about halfway between Halifax and Truro.

Many of Coulter's listeners have become members of his Tall-Tale Tellers Club. One Newfoundland sent him a story about a woodsman who nicked the end off his nose and stuck it back on again with molasses. A Cape Bretoner topped this with the story of a local axeman who did the same thing but stuck the nose on upside down and drowned in the first rainstorm.

Sometimes stories that never appeared in a newspaper find their way into Jim's script. Like the one about the little boy who wanted a hundred dollars so badly he wrote a letter to the Almighty asking for it. "The local postmaster sent the letter to Ottawa," continues Jim. "Well, the Prime Minister thought it was kind of cute and sent the little fella five dollars. So when he got the five he sat down and wrote the Almighty another letter to thank him and wound up . . . I noticed you sent your letter through Ottawa and Mr. Abbott as usual snagged his ninety-five percent as it went through."

Poetry is Coulter's real love. He especially likes to uncover local poets and read their poems on his broadcast. Last spring S. Barlow Bird, whom Coulter has dubbed "the Bard of Freetown," P.E.I., sent him this one:

We are the folks who love your jokes,
your home news and your patter;
Your wedding notes and anecdotes
... yes all your friendly chatter.
But most of us kick up a fuss (and
do not mean to bluff)
When we opine, "Your program's fine
but it's not long enough."

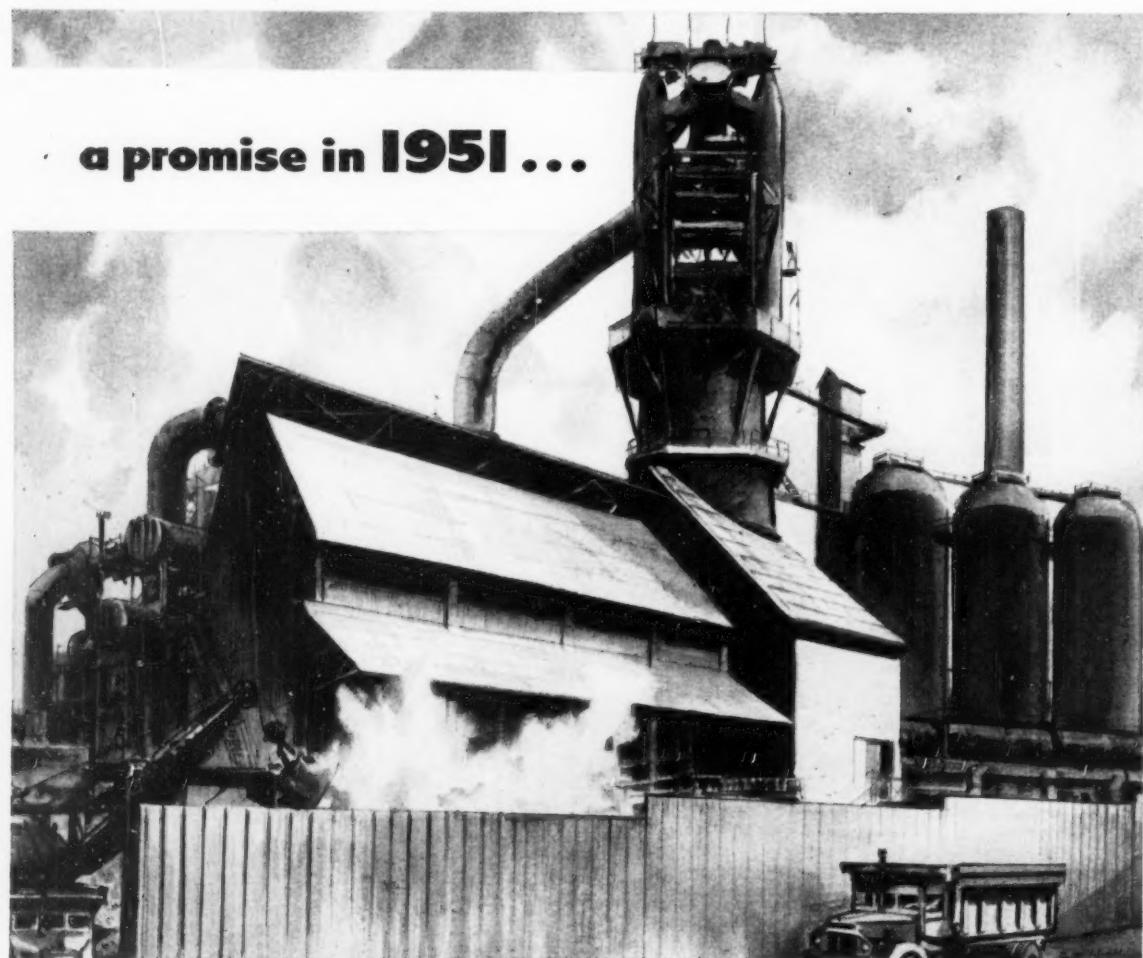
To which Coulter replied, in part . . .

Dear Mr. Bird: Your kindly word has made my glad eye glisten.
I must confess that my success is just that you folks listen.
I like to meet each week and greet you all with news and stories.
Of this and that . . . from a two-faced cat to winter morning glories.

Many radios powered by carefully hoarded batteries on lonely coasts or deep in the Maritime bush are turned on for little else besides the national news, the hockey games and Jim Coulter. Fishermen listen to discover where the big ones are biting. If Jim mentions that an item from the Pictou Advocate tells how somebody caught a five-pound trout in McPherson's Lake the place will be swarming with anglers the day after his broadcast.

Coulter more than the others is fascinated by the freaks in the news. Every broadcast carries several items like the two-faced kitten (four eyes, two noses and two tongues) owned by Sanford Mitten, of Cole's Island, or the apple grown by Robert Bird, of Londonderry Station, that measured thirteen inches around, or the moose that chased Laurence Sarsen, of Pugwash, up the road on his motorcycle.

At the other side of the country tall, blond, wavy-haired Les Way is just as affectionately known to British Columbia listeners as well as to a good number in the adjoining American states. Way, who was born in New Westminster, B.C., forty years ago, has been an apple picker, promotion man for a gymnasium, amateur wrestler and weight lifter in his day. For twelve years he worked on weekly newspapers and as editor of the Powell River News won two consecutive first awards for



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the best weekly in its class in Canada. Now he is a partner in the public relations firm, L. C. Way and Associates, in Vancouver, and publisher of a trade paper called the Weekly Editor.

Way (he gets letters addressed to Wey, Weigh, Wade, Wayne, Waite) often invites weekly editors and other listeners to appear with him on the show. "It is my conviction that the big city doesn't appreciate the interdependence of city and country," he said recently. "Neighborhood News gives me a chance to have my say on this point." He feels also that many city folks are ex-small towners and it's up to him to keep them posted on what's going on at home.

Way describes his show as a "fireside type of broadcast." He makes a few flubs that are as funny as those he picks out of the papers. Recently in his "fiftieth anniversary and over" section he referred to a couple who had "enjoyed fifty years of wild (instead of wedded) life together." Another time he started rural telephone lines humming when he announced that an Okanagan woman had won the Canadian apple-packing contest by packing twenty-one hundred boxes (instead of apples) in half an hour.

Way always ends his broadcast with a Nitecap Yarn and he hopes someday to publish a book of these. One of his favorites concerns the Powell River jeweler who keeps a showcase of wedding rings and right beside it a rack of shotguns.

The Two-Hundred-Pound Voice

Although he uses a lot of believe-it-or-not stuff, Way shies off from the biggest-vegetable type of story. "Let me announce a huge turnip on the air and my phone starts to ring with people who have a turnip two ounces bigger," he says. "And so it goes with pumpkins, hollyhocks, apples and sunflowers. And once in a while someone sends me a whole crate of strawberries or peaches, to support his statement."

Neighborhood News has a special appeal to older people and each of the broadcasters has an Over-90 Club on which he reads the names of all the people mentioned in the papers who have passed their ninetieth birthday.

Fairbairn, whose broadcasts to Ontario and Quebec reach more people than those of the other three combined, spends a considerable portion of his show on this club. Two of his more famous members have been the late Sir Allen Aylesworth, who was Minister of Labor in the Laurier government of 1905, and T. L. Moffat, who at ninety is still chairman of the board of the stove company that bears his name.

Fairbairn gets a kick out of meeting his listeners but he gets a little tired hearing them say, "Gosh, from listenin' to you I pictured you about six foot four and weighing two hundred pounds." Actually Don, who has dark hair and mustache and stands about five foot seven and weighs barely a hundred and forty pounds, looks more like an office executive than a heavy-handed son of the soil. But he was born on a farm and if it weren't that everything from cow hair to bromegrass pollen gives him hay fever he would have been a farmer. Instead he became a CBC farm broadcaster, a position he left some years ago to go into the public-relations and free-lance broadcasting field.

Fairbairn goes in strong for stories like the one about the councilman in Chesley, Ont., who came out of a hot council meeting on what to do about traffic violators, leaped into his own car and backed smack into the car behind him.

He also likes to pick up funny typographical flubs like the one in the Oakville Trafalgar Journal advertising a house with an 18 by 24 living room.

Like the other Neighborhood Newsers, Fairbairn's relations with the weekly editors are of the best. During the railway strike when the papers couldn't be sent in the usual way the editors clipped Neighborhood News type items themselves and sent them to Fairbairn by airplane, bus, truck and boat. Some even jumped in their cars and delivered them personally.

Last April when a meteor was seen in the sky the Dunlap Observatory near Toronto asked Fairbairn to help discover where it had landed. He broadcast the request and received hundreds of replies from such widely scattered points as Gould, Que., and Cedarville, Mich. The astronomers ultimately found that the meteor landed in Georgian Bay.

Fairbairn is in great demand as a judge for local beauty contests, hog-call competitions, old-time fiddling and the like. He even was called in to judge a plaid-shirt contest in Brampton, Ont.

The popularity of Neighborhood News has been put to the test at least a couple of times and has emerged the winner by a country mile. In the spring of 1950 the Aurora Banner voiced a very gentle criticism that perhaps Neighborhood News contained too many trivial items and not enough important news. Fairbairn read the criticism over the air without comment. The response was quick and definite. Dozens of letters arrived from Ontario, Quebec and New York State saying, "Keep the program as it is. Let the people who want to learn about wars and bombs read it in their papers." Several newspapers wrote editorials in Don's defense and when it was all over Fairbairn and Neighborhood News were stronger than ever.

Although all the broadcasters sound like rugged old pioneers, Slim Greene, of Winnipeg, is the only one over sixty. Greene, who stands six feet four and is built like a bean pole, came to this country from England at nineteen and still retains a trace of his London accent. Besides his broadcasting he operates his own public-relations consultant business in downtown Winnipeg.

He likes to pass on a good story—like the one told by Walter Ashfield in the Grenfell Sun about the man who got his cards mixed and put the one that should have gone to a business associate in with the flowers he sent to his mother-in-law's funeral. It read, "Good luck in your new location."

E. A. Wier, ex-CBC commercial manager gets credit for originating the idea for Neighborhood News back in 1939. Along with the CBC's chief news editor, Dan McArthur, he met with weekly editors George James, of the Bowmanville Canadian Statesman, Frank McIntyre, of the Dundalk Herald, C. V. Charters, of the Brampton Conservator, and others. They decided that the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and the CBC should work together to produce a Sunday-morning show that wouldn't interfere with church attendance.

Looking around for a man with just the right over-the-back-fence manner they fixed on Andy Clarke who for sixteen years had been news editor of the Toronto Globe. Although Clarke had never worked on a weekly paper in his thirty years in the newspaper business he was a great spinner of yarns and in his front-page column The Southeast Corner had always showed affection for items about turnips that looked like Sir John A. Macdonald. Besides, Clarke was already known to

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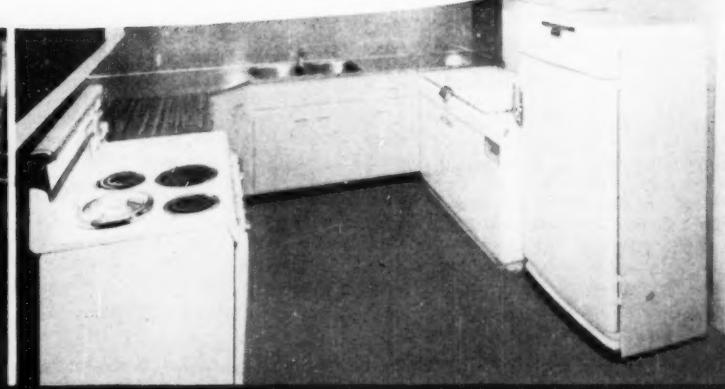


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radio listeners through his nightly news broadcast from the Globe newsroom—reputed to be the first of its kind in North America.

Clarke was handed over to Reid Forsee, whose deep voice and reassuring manner have eased hundreds of preachers, professors, policemen and gardeners into the intricacies of network broadcasting. According to Forsee, Andy was a pretty rough broadcaster at first. "If he felt like clearing his throat he cleared it. He rattled his papers. Stumped by a foreign name he'd take a couple of runs at it and then spell it." Forsee's job was to polish up the Clarke style without rubbing off any of the cracker-barrel stuff that made him so popular.

From the time Clarke made his first Neighborly News broadcast on Jan. 7, 1940, until he died in May 1948 he was the favorite broadcaster of hundreds of thousands of listeners in Ontario, Quebec and neighboring states. When he began originating some of his broadcasts in local communities, people lined up by the thousands just to shake his hand. They called him the Mayor of Little Places.

Clarke set a tone for the program that has been maintained ever since. Almost immediately broadcasters were established in the other three regions. These men became as well known in their home territories as Clarke was in the central provinces.

On the west coast the first man was the late Earle (Good Evening) Kelly, famous for his closing salutations to "the ships at sea, the men in the lighthouses . . ." The first prairie broadcaster was R. D. Colquette, who was soon being called Ardee by nearly everybody. His stories like the one about the prairie fog so thick that a farmer shingled his barn fourteen feet above the roof until the fog lifted and let him down—were repeated all over the prairies.

Ralph Marvin, then a farm commentator in Halifax, started the Maritime version on Oct. 6, 1940. He worked without pay and often brought his wife to the studio on Saturday to help read and clip stories. Like the others Marvin was an immediate success. When he left for Montreal the show was handled temporarily by several broadcasters until Jim Coulter took it over.

During the war Andy Clarke did a seven-minute Neighborly News broadcast for troops overseas. Today Fairbairn takes stories from his own and the other three scripts for a ten-minute broadcast to the Canadian servicemen abroad.

Neighborly News will probably go on for as long as people like to listen to fish stories and hunting stories and yarns about their neighbors, which is a pretty long time. It is what radio people call a natural. There is an unending supply of free human-interest stories to work with and there will always be good storytellers to string them together into a broadcast.

As Neighborly News listeners are continually saying in their letters, "It's nice to hear news that's friendly and fun for a change."

Neighborly News is an antidote for the bellyache of the times. ★

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The Succulent Okanagan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Vernon, at the top. They share among them a population of more than twenty-five thousand. Penticton, a city of beaches and peaches, is where Vancouver's professional Capilano ball club goes for spring training. Kelowna makes a habit of voting down beer parlors in plebiscites and boasts that ninety-eight percent of its citizens pay their taxes. Vernon is so crime-free the folks don't lock their doors.

Among them, the big three share seventy-five churches and a feeling of well-being that each year going on harvest time bursts its seams in a spate of festivals.

Since the B. C. government cut through the Cascade mountain range with an all-weather highway they've been sharing the tourists too. The Okanagan is a Palm Springs on the back stoop to tourists from the coast. They soak up tans on the broad beaches of Okanagan Lake, ski at six thousand feet while daffodils are blooming by the waters below, swim in sight of glaciers, hunt game and birds, fish for landlocked salmon and rainbow trout, drink rye and apple juice, suck on apple candy or eat the Okanagan dishes: apple catsup, apple soup, apple omelet and Okanagan apple-cup salad.

Or maybe they just lounge by the Kelowna-Westbank ferry slip with slung cameras and watch the MS Pendozi unload reserve Indians with their pintos, halfbreed girls with peach blossoms in their hair, ruddy-faced English ranchmen from the Coldstream Ranch, high-heeled cowboys, hunters with limp deer slung over car fenders and tractor-trailers loaded with apple boxes earmarked for Hong Kong or the Belgian Congo.

The Okanagan doesn't believe in hiding its light or its tree fruit under a bushel. It claims the tangiest apples, the zestiest climate and the zippiest citizens in all of Canada.

Each year Penticton boosters roll a cavalcade of cars over the mountains to Vancouver to give away truckloads of free peaches and free propaganda. More than one million boxes of apples were presented to Britain during the 1949-50 glut season and in return the valley got one hundred thousand letters of gratitude and top-notch publicity.

Kelowna has its Regatta, begun in a sedate way by Englishmen wishing an organized sort of plunge back in 1909. Today the city calls it the greatest water show in Canada. It attracts four hundred swimmers from all over Canada and the United States and twenty-five thousand spectators. Tourist camps are booked solid for months in advance. When plans were made to bring the late Sir Malcolm Campbell to the regatta to race his Bluebird back in 1948, businessmen raised twenty-five thousand dollars. Sir Malcolm didn't come but the regatta committee is still trying to get the Bluebird, now raced by his son Donald.

Penticton has its Peach Festival featuring peach pie, peach shortcake and, as no surprise, free peaches.

Vernon has its Vernon Days during which it stages a flashback to the ranching of a half-century ago. The town had a tobacco-chewing society then on a baked beans and roast porcupine diet. Now every summer it sprouts beards, bustles and ten-gallon hats. Barbers refuse shaves during the beard-growing season.

Competition in the valley is keen but friendly. Only in inter-valley sports does it sometimes get out of hand—like the winter of 1951-52, after a Vernon-



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Kelowna hockey match, when a twelve-hundred-pound concrete statue of Ogopogo was stolen from the Kelowna water front and later found in the Vernon army camp.

Ogopogo is a monster of traditional sea-serpent physique and ornery frame of mind. The name was lifted from a British music-hall song of the Twenties. Since 1947 ten thousand plaster-of-Paris Ogopogos have been taken home from Kelowna by tourists. The monster has been seen in the flesh by an impressive if impressionable array of eyewitnesses. Once, the story goes, he even had the audacity to race an automobile that was traveling along the shore road.

Myth or monster, Ogopogo is the one element in the Okanagan which has remained static since the valley's settlement less than one hundred years ago.

Fur traders first came in canoes up the Okanagan River in 1811, traded five leaves of tobacco with the Salish tribesmen for one beaverskin, and passed on. Settlement had to await the arrival in 1859 of Father Pandosy, of the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Kelowna authorities later were to spell his name wrong when naming a street and a cross-lake ferry boat after him. Pandosy's skilful knife-throwing helped convince the Indians that Christianity was here to stay.

Four and a half miles outside the present city of Kelowna, Pandosy established his mission. Generally barefoot, he carried the gospel over the mountain trails for thirty years, beginning the first permanent settlement in the valley, erecting the first church, starting the first school, raising the first cattle, performing the first marriage, and planting the first orchard (later settlers found he picked wrong; the water table was too high).

The priest in buckskins soon had competition from an equally unorthodox Anglican priest in hand-me-downs. Born Henry Irwin in Ireland, Father Pat had arrived in the Okanagan by way of Oxford. His cathedrals were the rowdy bars of the Okanagan's mining boomtowns. After a service, he would pack up his portable organ and buy the house a round of beers. During one hymn-sing in a saloon he was compelled to knock a ruffian unconscious. Then he offered prayers for forgiveness because he had not warned his opponent that he was a skilled boxer.

Father Pandosy and Father Pat shepherded the valley through the gold-boom days (when persons selling opium, other than doctors or druggists, had to buy a twenty-five-dollar license), through the homesteading days (when tree trunks were sawed into solid wagon wheels and tree crotches into harrows), through stage-coach days (when passengers' castor oil sometimes had to be used to grease squeaky axles) and through a picturesque period of freighting on Okanagan Lake.

It was a long haul up and down the lake for a man in a rowboat loaded with two and a half tons of settlers' effects, but Thomas Dolman Shorts had stout back muscles and a stout heart. He had prospected for gold, run a saw mill and a fish market and sold self-threading needles on street corners. As business increased he abandoned oars as a means of propulsion in favor of coal oil. When he ran out of oil, he pulled into shore and emptied settlers' lamps into his engine.

Stern-wheelers followed, with the building of a branch railroad from the CPR transcontinental line to the head of the lake in 1892, and the beans, bacon and barrels of whisky freighted by Shorts were replaced by equipment for the fledgling fruit industry.



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Canadian Pacific

The valley fumbled for its footing. It tried tobacco, hops and cattle ranching. When Lord Aberdeen, then governor-general, bought the Coldstream Ranch—which was started in the 1860s by Charles and Forbes Vernon—two thousand cattle were grazing its thirteen thousand acres.

The change from cattle to fruit was a gradual one received grudgingly by the cowboys; they had become attached to their Mexican spurs and their Bowie knives. With the Coldstream Ranch's first ambitious efforts at fruit growing, near the turn of the century, the fertility of the soil for tree fruit was proved. Gradually, more and more land was put under irrigation and by 1904 tree planting was under way on a grand scale.

And already the first shots were being fired in a guerrilla war between the growers, who wanted to sell their fruit at profitable prices, and the broker-wholesaler combinations, who wanted to get it as cheap as they could.

The first serious attempt at co-operative selling in the Okanagan was made in 1913, but it was a rickety structure. It was 1926 before the valley orchardists got a Produce Marketing Act passed in parliament but, when that act was declared ultra vires in 1931, there followed a period of disastrous internal warfare. By 1933 the growers were getting red ink for red apples and dumping their fruit in Okanagan lake.

The growers held indignation meetings and formed vigilante committees. Plans were laid for drastic action to halt movement of fruit trains from the valley. It was Wealthy time, late August. Arthur K. Loyd, a Welshman who had fruit-farmed the Okanagan since 1910, had arranged with his wife to have a cowbell rung in his fifty-acre orchard if a train, being loaded at Kelowna, showed signs of running the picket line. When the cowbell tinkled it echoed on the party lines of one hundred and fifty waiting fruit ranchers. Dust plumes rose from the dry bench roads as they raced in their cars to the railroad tracks. There, in front of the fruit train, they held a picnic. Their wives served them sandwiches. It was a good picnic. The engine backed into the yards. The fruit was dumped. And co-operative marketing of tree fruit in the Okanagan was just around the corner.

It came in the form of the B. C. Fruit Growers' Association and its militant selling agency, B. C. Tree Fruits Limited. Even nonmembers, about twelve percent of the growers in the area, are obliged by law to market through the agency.

B. C. Tree Fruits markets the fruit and vegetable crops grown in an interior area of thirty to forty thousand square miles, mostly in the Okanagan. Its best year was 1946. That year it sent out seventeen thousand freight cars of produce, grossed more than twenty-seven million dollars and distributed this among its grower-owners after deducting something like three cents a bushel for handling. Federal statistics show that in the five years up to 1950 the Okanagan consistently marketed half of Canada's total apple crop.

High standards of grading and packaging contributed to the success of Okanagan apple marketing. During harvest special canvas picking-buckets, which open at the bottom, are used to prevent bruising. Packers, trained by B. C. Tree Fruits on red and green wooden balls, pack the apples with almost unbelievable speed—a good packer does fifty apples a minute. The apples are sold in only three grades, Extra Fancy, Fancy and C Grade.

Today the honeymoon is over and

the fruit ranchers are mostly driving the big cars they bought new in the latter Forties. Lost markets in the dollar-short sterling bloc, the competition from subsidized U. S. growers, high costs and the crippling 1949-50 Okanagan frost (which killed twenty percent of the Okanagan's trees) have cut both production and profit. Yet the Okanagan rancher is an optimist. He has bulldozed out his frozen trees, chopped the sweet white wood up for the kitchen stove, and planted new orchards—it takes ten or twelve years for an apple tree to bear commercially.

Each year the Okanagan co-operative grants five thousand dollars to the valley's Summerland Experimental Station to further crop research. It feels it owes a debt. In the Thirties the station produced methods of coping with codling moth and boron deficiency in the soil that saved the valley's orchards from disaster.

Listening with one ear to the scientists at the experimental station and with the other to the rumblings of the world markets, B. C. Tree Fruits—under the presidency of the same A. K. Loyd who sparked the "revolt" of the Thirties—has pared the valley's apple varieties to eight (out of eighteen hundred apple types). They are McIntosh, Delicious, Wealthy, Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Newton, Stayman and Winesap.

Today's Okanagan fruit farmer must be an agronomist, a horticulturist and an engineer, and have a smattering of many other sciences besides. He farms an average holding of ten or twelve acres and considers himself lucky if he owns a hillside orchard on Skaha Lake, where the acres hang at forty-five degree angles, as if from hooks, and dollar production per acre is the highest in Canada. He pays irrigation fees up to twenty dollars an acre a year to pour about two feet of mountain water on his orchard. He owns or rents sprayers to rid his trees of pests. If he hasn't got around to shotgun pollinating, he rents bees from apiarists for the blossom season. He keeps three cats an acre on his payroll to cope with tree-nibbling field mice and deducts cost of their milk from his income tax. He insures his pickers from falls.

Kelowna's first doctor saw the valley from the back of a chestnut gelding with his satchel lashed to the cantle. Today's typical Kelowna doctor is Dr. George Athans, thirty-one, Canadian diving champion, who sees it from inside a Studebaker.

And over the trails that Father Pandosy walked barefoot, the Rev. Robert Brown, thirty-one, today pedals his bicycle to attend church badminton tournaments.

It doesn't take long in the Okanagan to become a pioneer—between blossom time and harvest usually does it. Forty-seven-year-old Bill Hill, secretary of the Kelowna Board of Trade, came to the valley at the end of the last war from Toronto and is now the biggest Okanagan booster of them all.

Hill admits there are no apple millionaires in the valley and that, according to statistics, fruit men today actually lose a few cents on every bushel of apples they sell. But statistics don't tell all the story. A visitor to the valley recently called on a fruit rancher who had come from Wales in 1910 and had bought one-third interest in seven and a half acres of orchard in the Kelowna area. Today he and his sons farm two hundred and sixty acres. Times were tough in the valley, he said.

When he was asked about an elegant almost-new Packard in his driveway, he said: "Heck that's no sign of prosperity. Had to buy that second-hand from a Social Credit politician." ★

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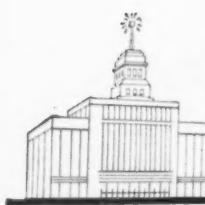


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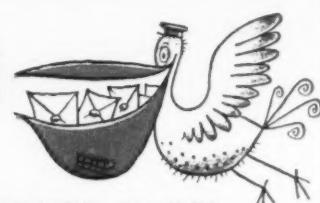


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THE MAN WHO SHOT SANTA CLAUS

Your excellent article, Look What We've Done to Christmas (Dec. 15), deserves the consideration and commendation of every Christian Canadian. Congratulations for your courage in drawing attention to the extent of the commercialization of an essentially religious festival. —Miss M. A. Murray, Kingston, Ont.

• Your author Fred Bodsworth is the only person, known or unknown to me, whom I would *not* wish Merry Christmas. —Ruth Daniels, Montreal.

• Would Bodsworth next look into the "Easter racket," another feast, equally commercialized, equally sponsored by



our great religious bodies, and equally pagan as the Christmas racket. —Violet Helen Ketter, Edmonton.

Nix on Office Parties

Congratulations to Robert Thomas Allen for his article, Please! No More Office Parties (Dec. 15). It is the best you ever published, with Look What We've Done to Christmas, by Fred Bodsworth, as close second. —C. H. Mason, Ottawa.

Karsh's Canada

Undoubtedly Yousuf Karsh was to blame for his indiscreet remark about the cooking in Charlottetown. Undoubtedly, too, Chester McLure was to blame for giving the matter unnecessary publicity by his spirited reference to it in the House of Commons. But you yourself, Mr. Editor, are most to blame for allowing such a statement to pass into circulation. —L. E. G. Daviet, Sackville, N.B.

• Unkind, unthinking, insular and stupid comment from the P.E.I. gentleman. —Martha Banning Thomas, Wolfville, N.S.

• Congratulations on the Karsh articles, Edmonton and Winnipeg were superb. —A. P. Gleave, Biggar, Sask.

• The picture story of Vancouver by Karsh was particularly interesting . . . Edmonton, however, is something else again. Is the population made up entirely of Indians, Eskimos and Orientals, and is Skunk Hollow regarded as a typical Edmonton beauty spot? I just don't like it. —Mrs. F. Woodman, Jasper, Alta.

• I enjoy your articles, Flashbacks, Parade, your current series of pictures on Canadian cities and your fiction stories with Canadian backgrounds. —Ian MacDonald, Kitimat, B.C.

The Cost of Children

Miss Sangster, when you wrote the article How To Bring Up An Only Child (Nov. 15) did you for one minute take into consideration that all the one-child families were not of professional men? You will find that a lot of these homes exist out of just plain "not being able to support any more." Fantastic, isn't it; I'm sure you just couldn't imagine that. We are all successful business women, or lawyers, or selfish, selfish people. —Mrs. D. Williams, West Kildonan, Man.

Airing the Skeleton

I wish to congratulate you on your editorial, Why Appear South Africa? (Nov. 15). It's nice to know somebody possesses sufficient intestinal fortitude to drag the skeleton out of the cupboard and give it a good airing. —Mrs. E. J. Taylor, Westbank, B.C.

• It is not South Africa who is being appeased. On the contrary (UN) support is being withheld from South Africa, an unjustifiable attack is being allowed on her sovereignty, not only for humanitarian reasons but also to appease her critics and to win their co-operation in wider areas of international affairs. —A. W. Steward, South African Government Information Officer, Ottawa.

Spoiled by Splashes

I am sorry to say that of late I have lost my pleasure in reading Maclean's and I have altogether ceased to pass the



magazine on to non-Canadian friends. The gaudy splashing of color and the inartistic setup of types and illustrations have entirely spoiled what was a very fine magazine. —Kathleen Caswell, Ootacamund, India.

• Maclean's is one of my favorites and also my husband's. There is always something new and interesting. —Mrs. Irene Saucier, Montreal.

Fiddle-de-dee

I was interested by your article on Norman McLaren's films (The Inspired Doodles of Norman McLaren, Dec. 15). Is the National Film Board's product ever shown in Canadian commercial theatres? Here in Calgary I have never seen or heard of a McLaren color film being played, or any other National Film Board product, aside from something urging us to buy bonds. —Mrs. J. S. Smith, Calgary. ★

A Man's Got to Lie Once in a While!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

made a great thing of dusting off the bar and spitting on his hands and wiping them off on his pants, hoping his mother would call him for supper but she didn't. It was a most astonishing thing, after all his worry, but there he was finally, hanging upside down like one of these three-toed sloths you see in the crossword puzzles. After he got over the surprise of it, he began to feel quite easy. He even waved his arms a bit to set the trapeze swinging.

Well, after the family had stuffed themselves at the birthday supper Willie invited them down to the basement to watch him hang by his toes. They made a fine audience and he put on a real show for them. But when it came to the grand climax, something went wrong. He did everything the way he'd done it before, but this time, when he took his hands away from the tubing, the floor came up and hit him a dreadful wallop and the next thing he knew he was lying flat on his back and screeching like the unhappy ghost of O'Brien's mother-in-law.

There was a fine to-do then, with his father carrying him up to bed and his mother rushing off for iodine and sticking-plaster though she didn't have to use it because it was only a big lump, as it turned out.

The mother was sorry for him, right enough, but more angry than sorry. She was sure he was lying about being able to hang by his toes, so she gave him a terrible talking-to; and when he tried to argue she turned him over on his face and gave him a wallop across the backside for being stubborn as well as a liar.

Well now, it's a terrible thing what impressionable creatures children are. Would you believe it, after that day Willie never told the truth from one year to the next, right up until the time he run up against Sarah McLeod but I'm getting ahead of my story.

IT'S not such an easy thing as you might think now, this business of telling lies and not getting caught. When you come right down to it, it's an art, just like writing books or playing the flute, and if you haven't got the natural gifts in the first place, you might as well give up and go home. I've heard children sawing on the violin in a way that would fair bring the tears to your eyes, all because their parents hadn't the sense to know this. Well, Willie had the gifts and no mistake. He was a born liar and, by practicing and studying, he reached such heights of perfection that I doubt if there was a man alive to compare with him, in his prime.

He wasn't handsome enough to make

people suspicious— you know how they mistrust a handsome man. On the other hand he wasn't too ugly. He had a broad face, rough in a way, but open—an honest face. The finest thing about it was the eyes. Big and blue they were, and when you looked into them you could see clean through to the back of the brain.

His own mother, her that lived with him in the same house and watched him fiercely in case he should ever start telling stories, his own mother was taken in by those eyes twenty times a week. When she shook out her purse and found that a quarter had turned up missing Willie convinced her she must have dropped it at the store. When somebody threw a rock through the garage window Willie remembered he had seen a strange boy running down the lane. When a big slab of chocolate cake disappeared Willie said he had given it to a poor old tramp who came to the back door.

He was never a one to do things by halves and when he turned against one of his mother's commandments he tossed out the whole caboodle—at least, he tried to. The one about keeping clean had become a habit, as it does with some people. He tried to enjoy staying dirty but it was no use so he gave it up.

But, as for working hard, Willie went at that with real spirit. Even if he had to sit up six nights in a row figuring he would do it to get out of chopping wood for half an hour on a Saturday. It was a matter of principle, don't you see, and Willie was a great one for principle.

When he won the governor-general's medal three years in a row at high school and matriculated in a blaze of glory, it was all because of his principles. I don't say, mind you, that he couldn't have done it by studying, but Willie refused to work on principle. He did it by smuggling notes into the examination room in his shirt pocket.

These days when you leave school you have to take all kinds of tests like shoving square pegs into round holes and making ink blots before they decide that your life work should be digging sewers, but Willie didn't bother with any of that. Being already an accomplished liar and opposed to work on principle he knew he was cut out for a salesman.

He started out in magazines, went from there to waterless cookers, then to insurance and oil furnaces and ended up in real estate—and in all of them he was the finest salesman that ever set foot in a door to keep it from being slammed. There was no one could touch him at all, at all. But the biggest deal he ever made, as it happened, was one that didn't come off.

A FELLOW came round to the real-estate office one day looking for a small modern bungalow close to the centre of the city. He was a sharp customer with eyes like marbles and a

THE MATING REASON

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The shape of his head and the size of his nose,
The money he earns and how quickly he spends it,
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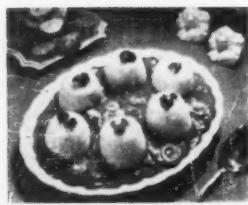
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nose that twitched like a rabbit's, so they put Willie on to him. Willie spent the whole day with him, talking and talking—I forgot to mention that he wasn't smooth and slick in his speech, like most of your high-pressure salesmen; he had a nice easy way with him, but a bit rough, like a big simple farm boy with an education—anyway, by the end of the day they had a lease all drawn up and ready for signing.

However, the customer was a man who always called his lawyer in on things—a common practice with people who think that everybody else is as crooked as they are—so they agreed to wait a few days.

A week later Willie was called into the lawyer's office. He was none of your everyday lawyers, the kind that listen to your troubles for an hour and charge you five bucks, but one of the classy type that wouldn't so much as habear a corpus for anything smaller than a corporation. In his spare time he was a member of parliament as well, an arrangement that worked out fine for all concerned, namely for him and his wife and their pet Pekingese—though I wouldn't go so far as to say it was any great benefit to the nation. His name was Eustace Doolittle.

This Doolittle looked Willie over like he was some queer fossil creature out of a museum and at first all he said was, "Well, well." He looked him over again and after a while he said, "Sit down." Then he did some more staring and finally he said, "So you're Willie Huckelmeyer."

It wasn't much use denying it, so Willie says, "Yes sir, that I am. And if you'd be after signing the lease and letting me get back to work I'd be much obliged to you."

"Not so fast," Mr. Doolittle says. "I want to have a bit of a talk with you. About that house now. My client told you he wanted a small modern bungalow close to the heart of the city, is that right?"

"Yes, sir," Willie says, "that's very true."

"And my client's a man with a mind of his own," Mr. Doolittle says, "a very sharp, shrewd businessman."

"Indeed it's the truth," Willie says. "You'd have to work long hours to put anything over on the likes of him."

"Well then," Mr. Doolittle says, "how do you account for the fact that you talked him into buying a twelve-room house outside the city limits, thirty years old and so rotten with termites it was ready to fall apart."

"Termites!" Willie says, leaping from his chair. "Termites! Mr. Doolittle, you shock me. If what you say is true I'll take that lease with my own hands and tear it to pieces."

"A very easy thing to do," Mr. Doolittle says, "since it hasn't been signed." Then he leans back in his chair and looks at Willie in a very serious way and says, "Young man, you ought to be in politics."

When he heard these words, Willie's brain lit up like one of these pinball machines with lights flashing green and red and purple. It was the same as when he first laid eyes on the trapeze—he'd never thought of it before but he knew right away that it was just what he'd wanted all his life.

"We could use you," Mr. Doolittle says. "There's an election coming up in three months' time and we're short of good candidates."

"Mr. Doolittle," Willie says, "it has been my life-long ambition to serve the people of this grand country and I'm ready to make whatever personal sacrifice is required in the interests of the nation."

Well, they had to get him a membership card and date it back a year to make him eligible and build a machine

in the local organization and see that he was picked at the nominating convention, and it was all done so smooth and easy that Willie began to smell a rat. Oh, there was a rat right enough—and his name was Doolittle. Somehow he'd completely forgotten to mention that the riding he'd picked for Willie was one that had been held by the other party since Confederation. It was what they call a safe seat, safe as a church—but for the other side.

Mr. Doolittle was fairly astonished—anyways, that's what he claimed—when he found out Willie hadn't known all along. "Why, of course you'll lose," he says. "Finest experience in the world m'boy. You're not ready for the rough and tumble at Ottawa yet. But four years from now, when they call the next election, you'll be in fine shape."

"Well now, Mr. Doolittle," says Willie, "it's kind of you to give me a chance to acquire the experience. But four years is a long ways off, so if it's all the same to you I'll just make a stab at winning this time."

"That's the spirit, m'boy," says Mr. Doolittle. "Do your best. And if we don't give you much help in the way of money and campaign workers you'll know that at any rate you've got the moral support of the whole party behind you."

IT WAS a grand thing to know that the whole party was behind him with their moral support, but Willie thought he'd better not leave it up to them to win the election. There was a campaign manager behind him too but Willie never met him to shake hands with him until the election was all over and he turned up at the victory celebration.

Because he won, of course. Single-handed, as you might say, he put on a campaign that wiped the floor with the opposition. The strangest thing about that campaign was, you never saw a word of it in the papers. While the other candidates were fair breaking their necks to get their pictures printed Willie was sneaking down back alleys in case he should run into a reporter. It was an undercover campaign he was staging, with all sorts of wheels within wheels and topsy-turvy tricks.

You've heard the old story about the man who lost his pet goat just before milking time and he said to himself, "Now where would I go if I was a goat?" and that's where he found her right enough—well, that's how Willie won the election. I don't mean to say he used goats—nasty evil-smelling creatures they are for a fact—but like the man with the goat he says to himself, "Now if I was a loyal supporter of the opposition, carrying on the tradition of my grandfather and great-grandfather before me, is there any reason why I would ever vote for Willie Huckelmeyer?"

Then he goes into a trance for a couple of days and answers himself right back, "Why to be sure, supposing I thought the opposition candidate was a bit of a scalliwag and supposing I knew Willie Huckelmeyer to be a fine honest man and supposing I knew he had about as much chance of winning as an Ulsterman has of dying from snake-bite and supposing I felt sorry for the poor man and didn't want him to feel too badly—well, then I'd vote for him."

Now a plain man like you or me, if he'd ever asked himself a straightforward question like that and got back such a muddled-up answer, would have done something desperate like sticking his head in the gas oven or rushing out to the corner for a quick one. But to Willie it was all plain and clear like handwriting on the wall. Maybe that was because he had a twisting sort of



mind that never went straight to the point but always took the long way round.

It was a twisting sort of campaign he planned too, with all the old tricks turned inside out. Take hecklers now

Willie hired hecklers to come to his own meetings. A terrible uproar they created with their questions and nasty personal remarks and laughing and groaning and all the time Willie would be up there on the platform trying to start his speech. After a while everybody in the audience even the ones that had thought of doing some heckling on their own account would be seething and spitting like a kettle that's been left on the fire too long.

Just before the lid blew off Willie would get rid of the hecklers and calm everybody down. Sometimes he offered to sit down and be quiet for ten minutes so the others could make their speeches, and then they'd look shame-faced and sneak out. Sometimes a man in the audience would stand up and say, "I've supported the opposition party for twenty-five years but I don't believe in these tactics and if I can have a bit of help I'm going to throw these hoodlums out." Half a dozen other men would jump up and they'd toss the hecklers right out the door being gentle about it, of course, just as Willie told them when he paid them for their services.

You may be sure that before he started his speech again he always told the audience that, in spite of the way things looked, he refused to believe that the opposition party would stoop to such low tricks and he hoped nobody would go away with that impression. So of course everybody did go away with that impression and all the opposition supporters began saying to each other that it was a dirty shame their own party should treat a fine honest man like Willie Huckelmeyer in that way.

But that was nothing to what Willie did with posters and veranda cards. In the ordinary way of things you go around nailing them up and the other party pays a bunch of small boys to tear them all down again. That wasn't

the way Willie worked it. He had a bunch of small boys working for him right enough, but they were tearing down his own posters. They wouldn't start on the job until they saw a bunch of people coming. Then they'd go to work and just before the people got close enough to catch them they'd take to their heels. That was the negative approach as you might call it, but there was a positive angle too.

Willie would pick out a house with a big opposition party sign plastered across the veranda, and he'd send a couple of his boys to work on it. As soon as they began ripping it off Willie would come charging up, grab them by the collar and bellow at them until everybody in the house came running out to see what was up. Then Willie would make a fighting speech about honor and fair play and political freedom, in the course of which he made it clear that he was the candidate of the other party. Then he would make the boys promise to steer clear of crime in the future and as a climax would present them with a dollar apiece. On a good night the same dollar bills would be given to them twenty-five or thirty times. At the end of the evening Willie would take them back and give the boys fifty cents each instead.

When they started counting up the ballots on election night they found that Willie had won by a landslide, and nobody was more surprised than the people who voted for him. Some of them screamed with rage and others blushed for shame at having betrayed their party and six of them passed out from heart failure just listening to the news—not to mention one man, a retired army officer, who blew his brains out because he couldn't stand the disgrace. There was a fair commotion for a few days until they all settled down with blood in their eyes to wait for the next election.

THE way things turned out they never got the chance to boot Willie out of the riding. When the four years was up he had passed on to a higher place where they couldn't touch him.

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Dead? Why man, if he was dead he'd have been heading down, not up, and that's for sure. What I mean to say is that he was in the Senate.

It happened like this. One day an opposition man by the name of Doherty made a blistering attack on the government for not subsidizing butter to protect the farmer. Well, Willie—he was Minister of Agriculture by this time—pulls out a book and puts it on his desk and says, "I would like to remind the honorable member"—that's the way they talk down there, though to be sure they don't mean it at all—"I would like to remind the honorable member that the decision of this government not to subsidize butter was based on the report of the Wallace-Bushfield Commission, a commission which was appointed not by us but by the members of the opposition when they were in power." This is a very telling point so everybody on his own side claps and says, "Hear, hear."

Then Willie goes on, "Let me read you a few excerpts from this report. On page 125 the commission reported as follows . . ." and he turns over the pages of the book on his desk and begins to read.

Well, a couple of days later Willie's assistant rushed into the Prime Minister with some terrible news. It seems Doherty had put some questions on the order paper wanting to know all about the Wallace-Bushfield Commission, when it was appointed, how many people were on it, how many meetings they held, when the report was printed and all the rest of it. The Prime Minister couldn't see anything to get upset about and he said so. Then the assistant turned pale and his voice got very squeaky and he said, "But I've been all through the records—there never was such a commission!"

The Prime Minister didn't believe it at first. He said he remembered that commission very well, and besides he'd seen Willie reading right out of the report. But when Willie came in he told them quite cheerfully that he'd made it all up and the book on his desk was just a report on prairie irrigation projects.

"What are we going to do?" says the Prime Minister, and he groans in a pitiful fashion.

"Don't give it another thought," Willie says. "I'll just write that report myself tonight and get it mimeographed tomorrow."

But the Prime Minister wouldn't hear of that. He said they'd have to take Willie right out of the Cabinet and put him in the Senate, where he wouldn't have to answer any questions about the Wallace-Bushfield Commission.

WE'RE coming now to the turning-point in his life, and that all came about because Willie fell in love. He'd been a Senator for a number of years and covered himself with glory and there were all kinds of women from coast to coast who thought they were engaged to him, just because he'd dropped a few words in a friendly way—like he couldn't live without them and wouldn't they like to settle down in a rose-covered cottage, and so on; but he was never serious about anybody till he ran up against Sarah McLeod out in Vancouver.

That was a queer thing too because Sarah was a widow of forty who wore tailored suits and no lipstick. But when Willie first saw her she was smiling and her eyes were crinkled up at the corners and there was a dimple near one corner of her mouth—and Willie took one look and knew it was just what he'd wanted all his life.

He was supposed to leave the next day, but he sent off a telegram saying

it was a tough by-election and they needed his help. Then he took Sarah up to the top of Grouse Mountain on the ski lift and all around Stanley Park and over to Wigwam Inn on the boat and everywhere else he could think of, and at the end of a week he proposed to her. She turned him down flat.

"I'm a hard-headed Highland woman," she says. "I've buried a husband and married off my children and I'm not the young and green kind that would be taken in by the likes of you. You're nothing but a big bag of wind, Willie. If you ever learn to tell the truth I might consider it, but not until then."

There's no use arguing with a Highland woman, as everybody knows. Willie did the only sensible thing—took a plane back to Ottawa and locked himself up in his apartment with a bottle of whisky. He brooded over the crooked road he'd followed all his life and along about midnight he couldn't stand it any longer. He jumped to his

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



"I think I'll bite you."

called on Willie, and you may be sure it was like a load dropping off their shoulders when they saw him getting off the plane. They shook his hand and hammered him on the back and hurried him off to the big meeting.

When Willie got up on the platform they all cheered because they knew that whenever he spoke it was as good as a vaudeville show any day. After telling a few stories to get them all in a good humor he says, "I hear you've been raising hell about a bridge we were supposed to build you. Is that right?" They all begin to shout but Willie holds up his hand to quiet them down. "We promised it to you more than thirty years ago," he says. "Is that right?" The shouting starts all over again and he has to wait till it stops.

Then Willie starts on his speech, but before half a dozen words slip out of his mouth he knows that something is wrong. "Well," he says, "if you still think we're going to build that bridge you must be a bunch of bloody fools." When he heard himself saying that Willie was struck dumb for a couple of seconds; then he started again. "We only mentioned it in the first place," he says, "so you'd vote for us. We've got better things to do with our money than throw it away on a God-forsaken hole like this."

That was as far as he got before the riot started. Luckily the orchestra began playing God Save the King at a desperate clip, and that gave Willie time to dash out the back way and jump into a taxi.

THREE were big stories in all the papers next day and Sarah must have read them, because when Willie knocked on her door at six o'clock the morning after, she said, "Well, it didn't take you long, did it?"

"It's a strange thing that's happened," Willie says, "but the fact is that I couldn't tell a lie now if I wanted to. There's been some queer sort of revolution in my subconscious."

"I think it's wonderful," Sarah says. Then she suddenly remembers that her hair's up in curlers and her face all cold cream and she's wearing an old kimono full of moth-holes. "Why whatever must you think of me," she says, "looking like this."

"Well," Willie says, "you do look pretty frowsy and that's a fact. But then you're no chicken and I wouldn't expect you to be at your best in the morning."

"Willie," Sarah says with a look in her eye like Lizzie Borden just before she picked up the hatchet, "if that's what you mean by not telling lies you better leave the house. And don't come back until you learn that there's such a thing as moderation, even in telling the truth."

Well, there was nothing for it but to lock himself up again with a bottle of whisky. That seemed to be the only way he could get at his subconscious. And this time, when he'd worked himself into the proper frame of mind, he stared at the ceiling and bellowed, "I'm amending that last resolution of mine, understand?" I'm adding the words "except when it seems advisable". Once again there was an explosion in his head and everything went black—and when he came out of it, Willie discovered he'd become a moderately truthful man.

That's the whole story, just as Willie Huckelmeyer told it to me one afternoon when we were lifting a few to pass the time of day. As to how much of it is true—well, I know Willie's a Senator and he used to be an MP and his wife's named Sarah; but for the rest of it, I think he's just as big a liar as he ever was. ★

The Year of the Killer Flu

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

down. Poor fellow died within two days."

A Halifax doctor tells how on some ships, especially those with Asiatic crews, more than half the ship's company would be down with the disease. Many ships were held in quarantine and their crews taken ashore for treatment.

Montreal was one of the hardest hit cities. Three thousand and twenty-eight citizens died in one month, two hundred and one of them on the worst day, Oct. 21. In his book, *Four Centuries of Medical History in Canada*, John J. Heagerty estimates that one hundred thousand Montrealers had the flu. Persons living along streets leading to the cemeteries, he states, kept their blinds drawn to hide the "almost continuous procession of hearses and other vehicles conveying the dead to their last resting places." Coffins were piled up at the cemeteries, grocery wagons were pressed into service to supplement the hearses.

An undertaker in Toronto recalls, "At the peak we were holding funerals every hour, day and night. I once went for three days and two nights without sleep. Several times we buried whole families, mother, father and two or three children, within one week. Another undertaker downtown had twenty-three bodies stacked in a garage for a day because there was no room in his establishment. Double and triple funerals were common."

"It was almost impossible to get help. As soon as an assistant learned that a person had died of Spanish flu he was out of there like a shot. At the cemetery they were storing bodies in vaults while the grave diggers got caught up."

Doctors who worked through the pandemic remember it as their hardest and most hopeless job. A Brampton, Ont., physician remembers finding whole families in bed and not a nurse to be had. "It wasn't like anything we'd ever seen," he said recently. "It struck so fast that people were seriously sick before they realized it."

The first signs were usually severe pains in the back and loins. A businessman who walked to work in the morning was stricken at ten and carried home on a stretcher. A carpenter couldn't complete the sawing of a board. One woman took ill in the middle of a game of whist and couldn't finish the hand. In some cities hotel managers hired nurses to take care of guests suddenly hit by the flu.

The attacks were characterized by exceptionally high fever, severe pains in the limbs, neck, eyes and head, prostration and often delirium. Sometimes there were violent nosebleeds or stomach disorders. Often the lips and other parts of the body turned blue. The disease ran its course in two to three days, after which the patient either recovered rapidly or developed secondary infection — pneumonia or empyema in which case there was little hope. Often the attacks were attended by a feeling of deep depression; suicides were common.

Doctors prescribed complete rest along with quinine or castor oil or brandy. Sometimes these remedies worked and sometimes they didn't. "If everybody could have stayed in bed and got all the rest they needed, my guess is that the death rate would have been cut in half," one doctor says.

Investigation has shown that there were three waves of flu during 1918 and

1919. The first often called "three-day fever," broke out in June 1918. It was common in Western Europe and soldiers on both sides came down with it. Many Canadians at home had it, too. It didn't amount to much, was like measles without the rash and caused few deaths. The second wave hit in the early fall of 1918, reached its peak in October and, in many localities, hung on until December. This was the bad one that accounted for nearly all the deaths. The third wave came in February and March of the next year and was much like the first one.

As far as can be ascertained the killer flu of the second wave first appeared in Canada among troops stationed in the Hamilton-Toronto area on the last day of September. Although the pandemic had already been raging for a full month in the United States, Canadian health officials displayed a peculiar nonchalance toward it.

Two hundred RAF cadets at Toronto had come down with the disease, but air force authorities said the situation was well in hand. Dr. C. J. O. Hastings, the city's medical officer of health, said

it was "just plain gripe." Col. J. W. McCullough, provincial health officer, reported sending out a circular letter of instructions to all doctors in the province, but remarked that "the public has been unduly alarmed already." Mayor Tommy Church criticized the military for failure to move troops to warmer winter quarters in the exhibition grounds provided by the city, and demanded action from medical health officials. A number of cadets at Hamilton Air School also had the disease and the authorities were giving them "plenty of outdoor

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The first reported death in Toronto was that of a twelve-year-old girl from an outlying suburb. Before leaving home on a Wednesday she complained of a slight cold, but nobody thought anything of it because the rest of the family had it, too. On the journey into the city she complained to her mother of chills and a severe headache. Before she reached Toronto she was delirious. Her mother put her in hospital on Thursday. Saturday morning she died.

There were three cases in the Toronto hospitals and they had been placed in the detention ward for communicable diseases.

On Oct. 1 Hastings issued orders for children with colds to be sent home from school and advised the public to walk more and keep out of streetcars. At the same time he stated that there was "absolutely no need for anxiety."

By Oct. 4, five hundred and forty members of the armed forces in Toronto were down with flu. Reports of the epidemic were coming in from outside points. Cadet Jeoffry H. Scott, stationed at St. Johns, Que., died within six days of the first symptoms. Georgetown, Ont., reported fifty cases, Renfrew between five hundred and six hundred with nine deaths. All hospitals in Renfrew were full, doctors were working night and day, and it was impossible to get enough nurses. Schools had been closed.

Sherbrooke, Que., reported eight deaths; London, Ont., had sixty-five cases; Brantford reported twenty-five hundred cases and the closing of all public buildings.

By the middle of October the disease was raging all over Canada. Ten thousand of the sixty-six thousand Toronto school children were out with it along with one hundred and twenty-four teachers. Sixty-eight Toronto citizens died in the twenty-four hours of Oct. 15. Police forces and fire departments were working at half strength. At one point it was almost impossible to place a long-distance call because so many operators were home sick. An Ottawa-McGill football game was called off and racing was suspended at most tracks.

Schools, theatres, pool halls and sometimes churches were closed in most cities and towns. House parties and social gatherings were discouraged. In Winnipeg all public assemblies were discontinued. In Toronto conventions were banned, including that of the American Public Health Association. Some judges stopped kissing the Bible in their courts. But nothing had any apparent effect on the spread of the disease.

According to the Toronto Star, pathologists at the University of Toronto asked the Riverdale Zoo for three monkeys on which to experiment. They promised to pay thirty-five dollars each for the animals if any harm came to them. Zoo officials said nothing doing. They didn't want any monkeys that had been inoculated with flu germs and insisted on cash on delivery. Toward the end of the pandemic the Connaught Laboratories, with or without monkeys, did produce a serum consisting of dead flu germs for the prevention of the disease, but there was no evidence that it saved any lives.

In their desperation and helplessness people tried anything and everything. Streetcar conductors, store clerks and others forced to face the public tried wearing gauze masks that covered the nose and mouth, but they proved too much nuisance and were soon abandoned. Others carried wads of cotton soaked in eucalyptus oil and

NEXT ISSUE:

In the seventh
of his picture essays for Maclean's

YOUSUF KARSH

points his famous lens
at the rugged features of

HALIFAX

His portrait study of Nova Scotia's capital and Canada's great naval base, the historic Warden of the North Atlantic, catches the atmosphere of this country's saltiest city.

IN MACLEAN'S FEB. 15



ON SALE FEB. 11

harmless to the very young and the very old? A graph of mortality rates by age groups covering the period of the pandemic shows the greatest increase in the thirty to thirty-nine-year-old group. The twenty-to-twenty-nines suffered just a little less, the fifteen-to-nineteens less again, while those under ten and over forty showed a comparatively small increase.

Although an immense amount of research has been done in several countries since 1918 there has been no great advance in sure knowledge about influenza. Pathologists are pretty well agreed that the pandemic was caused by a filtrable virus, but the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research warned recently:

If and when another pandemic of influenza should occur, it is to be hoped that it may be possible to establish directly the etiology (cause) of the disease. Until such time, however, it is of great importance to recognize that the cause or causes of previous pandemics, including that of 1918-19, are not yet known.

Researchers have isolated strains of influenza viruses which they call A and B. But there appear to be many others. Of thirty-two strains of influenza virus isolated from fifty-eight throat washings taken from different parts of Canada in 1949 only two could be identified with certainty. All of Canada's postwar cases have been mild except, for some unknown reason, those on Victoria Island in the Arctic where seventeen of sixty-seven Eskimos who caught the flu died.

What are the chances of another influenza pandemic and what can science do to prevent it?

The disease has descended upon men since earliest times. Hippocrates describes an outbreak undoubtedly the same disease—in Greece in 412 B.C. Canada has had epidemics in 1700, 1830 and 1889-90. None of them, however, was as severe as the 1918 attack.

The disease died down as quickly as it had flared up. By the end of October it was on the wane in most communities and by Armistice Day, most people were able to be out dancing around the bonfires where spiked helmeted effigies of Kaiser Bill burned to a crisp. By Christmas the virulent wave of the influenza pandemic had passed leaving thousands of orphans and wrecked families behind.

Today, more than thirty-four years later, there are still many unanswered questions about the disease. Why, for instance, was it so deadly to the young-adult group and comparatively

There has been talk of magic vaccines that would prevent a future outbreak but so far few doctors care to guarantee that any of the vaccines yet developed would be of any practical help. Vaccines have been developed for A and B strains of the virus. The culture is grown in eggs, removed and refined by an involved and costly process. According to Dr. Arthur F. Peart, chief epidemiologist of the Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa, "the immunity is specific for each strain of virus and is relatively short and uncertain. The results so far have not justified the widespread use of influenza vaccine in influenza pandemics."

Other epidemiologists state flatly that no vaccine yet discovered could give any practical protection. In the first place a vaccine must be given before the disease is contracted so that the body can build up its own defenses. This would mean vaccinating everybody every two months (the effective length of the vaccine), an impossible task. In the second place, if another pandemic were to break out it would first be necessary to isolate the virus that is causing it, then develop a vaccine for that virus. By that time, since flu strikes fast and hard, it would be too late to do much good.

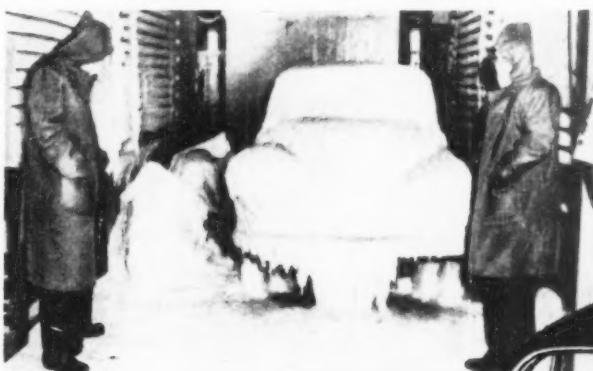
What, then, are our defenses? Medical men believe that secondary infections which were found in the lungs of many fatal cases in 1918 were the main causes of death. These can be combated, they point out, by sulfa drugs and antibiotics. Some doctors even speculate that some of the flu scares of recent years might have developed to pandemic proportions if it hadn't been for these drugs.

But nobody knows for sure. ★



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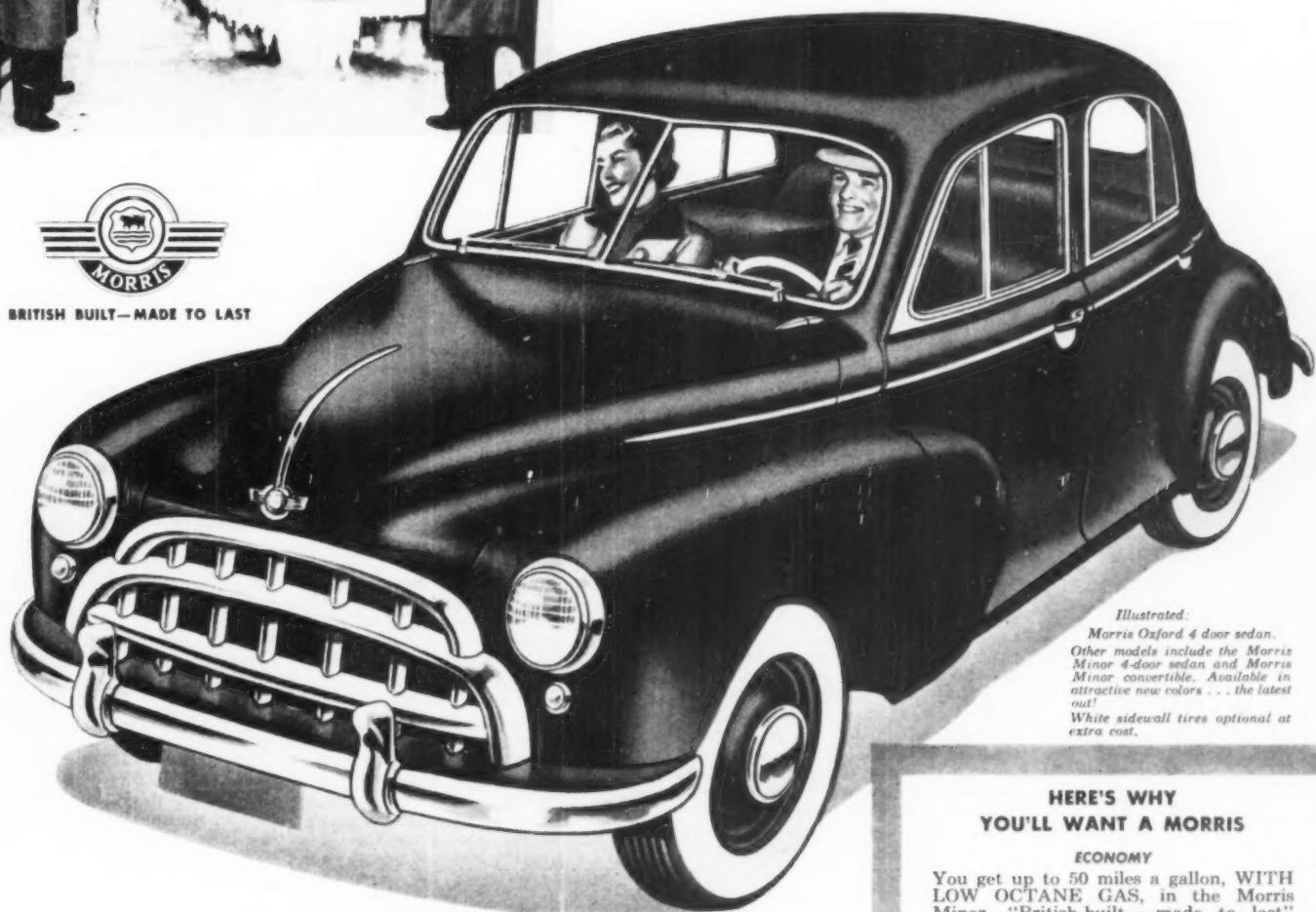
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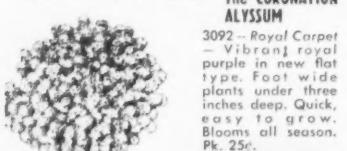
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

youngish man, wisely used the microphone. Churchill spoke toward it but that was all. The vibrance of his voice would have filled any hall without adventitious aid.

Can we then begin to discover some quality that is characteristic of all these men I have mentioned? In Churchill, Lloyd George and Samuel there is to be found merriment, recklessness and even a suggestion of bravado and defiance. This does not apply however to John Simon who has treated everything, including the years, with a dignified respect.

One might think there is something about political life which keeps men alert, physically and mentally, beyond their contemporaries. Certainly politicians live an irregular life which may postpone the hardening of the arteries, but they are not the only exponents of vibrant old age.

It has been argued that lack of exercise is a great preservative and conserves energy. But is that true? The eighty-five-year-old Toscanini turned up not long ago at the Festival Hall, rehearsed the orchestra for three hours and then conducted it at night. Roughly speaking I would say that the strain of such a day would be the equivalent of three rounds of golf on a championship course. As for that irresistible *gamin*, Sir Thomas Beecham, who is a mere seventy-three and has yet to attain the calm of maturity, he would think nothing of conducting *Götterdämmerung* from 5:30 to 11 p.m., with perhaps an hour off for supper.

It is true that nature has made its protest by giving Beecham gout but even it temporarily disappears under the mesmerism of Wagner's music.

Therefore I think we have now summoned sufficient evidence to agree on one or two conclusions. Why, for example, can Toscanini and Beecham hurl themselves at an orchestra for hours at a time without collapsing from fatigue? The answer must be that music, plus the excitement of conducting, insulates the body from the mind.

In other words—at least I have been assured that it is so—a muscle does not tire until the brain sends it a message to that effect. An idle mind must do something so it suggests to the heart that it is in bad shape, or tells the stomach that it is overdoing things, or even convinces itself that it is overworked. You cannot be a really good hypochondriac unless you have lots of time to think about yourself. And such is the power of mind over matter that it can create that which it imagines to be so.

The scoffer may reply that I am doing nothing more than rediscovering Coué who advised us to say: "Every day and in every way I am becoming better and better." That charge is not true. To think constantly about your good health is a form of hypochondria in itself. The thing to do is to refrain from thinking about your body at all except as an instrument to house the soul and serve the mind.

Which brings me to a problem that confronts so many men of mature years today . . . the problem of leisure. Insurance experts tell us that retired admirals normally have a brief life after retirement. They have lived actively and healthily but have never been trained for inaction. The will to live must be founded on the desire to live, and the desire to live must be based on the adventures open to the mind.

Bernard Shaw owned a lean body and had never played any games but the burning flame of his mind kept

him alive until he was over ninety, when it grew tired of his worn-out body. Once when I was an editor I asked him to write an article for my newspaper. In answer he sent back a postcard on which he had scribbled: "Don't waste time on the setting sun. I am 78 today." But the sun was not to disappear for a long time.

Sometimes I feel that life is like a telephone. The cursed thing rings when one is in the bath or is having an important talk or trying to complete some task against the clock. We curse it for an ill-mannered intruder—a visitor that does not even knock but bursts upon our privacy. But the telephone that never rings! There it squats in its funereal black like a mute by the graveside. Its very dumbness is more strident than the loudest and most irritating ring.

When the questing mind has lost its curiosity, when the sense of adventure has left the veins, when music and great argument no longer stimulate . . . Then life becomes like the mute, dumb telephone. The line is dead.

This winter I will make my usual pilgrimage to America and stay for a few days in Jamaica with my old friend Lord Beaverbrook. How will my seventy-three-year-old host behave? I cannot say for I have only known him thirty-three years.

But this much is certain. On the way to swim in the gentle waters of Montego Bay we shall fiercely debate the political situation of Britain or argue about newspapers until he is met by his secretary who will hand him the day's messages from his editors in London. There will also be newspapers from London and he will sit in the sun and roar loud praise at a good piece of writing or curse the failure of an editor to put a case forcefully enough.

Back at his lovely villa he will sit before his dictaphone and deliver wise comments on the newspapers he has studied. Then ideas will pour from him in a torrent. If I am in the room he is very likely to say to the dictaphone: "Mr. Baxter should go to Russia. He always writes better when he is traveling." Or equally he might say: "Mr. Baxter does not like criticism so I shall not say what I think of his article on the Tories because he is sitting here with me."

He is still an urchin blowing peas at top hats. His newspapers are rich and powerful, like himself, but he still retains that feeling of the born publisher who insists that every day's issue is either a triumph or a disaster. If at times he roars like Caliban he is far more often the ageless Puck.

He plays no more games, either of cards or golf, but he plays the game of life as if the prizes have yet to be won. Sometimes I have thought that he creates difficulties so that he can overcome them. But when the time comes for me to leave Montego Bay

and return to London I shall feel like one who has taken a refresher course in an intellectual gymnasium. Some day the twilight will come and after that the night, but until then Beaverbrook will wrestle with life like a champion who rejoices in his strength and in his skill.

But we must not imagine that this gift of youthful old age is confined to men or to those who are sustained by the ambrosia of success. As a member of parliament I went the other Saturday to pay respects to one of my female constituents who was celebrating her centenary. The Mayor also came, but was she impressed by this visitation of officialdom? If the MP and the Mayor came to her party she did not mind, but she knew quite well that they could not steal the limelight from her.

Five daughters, ranging from seventy to eighty years of age, looked after her with the care that the young always show to the old. Grandsons, granddaughters and great-great-grandchildren littered up the house.

With the instincts of a reporter I asked for the secret of her long life and good health. "Live in London," she answered, a little mumbly but with obvious pride. "Never been out of London in my life. Never wanted to be."

Although the Mayor and I had to leave, the party went on for hours, the climax being reached when a telegram of congratulations arrived from the Queen. Next day the old lady died. Her hundred years had reached a glorious end with a telegram from the Queen, and the tributes of the community, to say nothing of a visit from the Mayor and the other fellow whoever he was.

Her life was centred in her expanding family, in her little garden, and in the sprawling metropolis of London. The days and the years had brought no weariness but only a multiplying of interests. With women like that about it was foolish of Hitler to think he could bomb London into surrender.

Perhaps no one has ever explained this tenacity of the years better than the late Sir William Mulock. It was in 1941 that I saw him in Canada for the last time, on the eve of his ninety-seventh birthday. We had had a dinner party of men and, much to Mulock's disappointment, the others went home at about eleven o'clock. So we sat up together and I asked him also for his secret.

"I always get a bang out of things," he answered.

There perhaps we had better end our homily about how to live on twenty-four hours a day. I still contend that the Greek meant the young in heart when he proclaimed the preference of the gods, and not only those who have been cut off by an untimely frost in the springtime of their lives. ★

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Though other husbands are reviled
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I take my breakfast at my ease
And read my paper as I please,
And not a word is said;
My reading brings no family strife,
Because at breakfast-time my wife
Is still asleep, in bed.

TOM TALMAN

EXPORT
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

The Launching of Lois Marshall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

delighted the stage doorman. "This is a pretty good crowd," he assured a reporter who was appalled at the sight of twelve hundred empty seats. "I've seen an audience of thirteen at a recital here."

When the time came Lois walked across the stage and stood beside the piano, waiting calmly and with no trace of agitation while Kilburn sat down, settled his music, and poised his fingers. They exchanged a glance, she nodded and he began to play the opening bars of a sixteenth-century English song. Lois gripped the edge of the piano with her right hand, held her left arm crooked and began to sing in a sweet clear voice without a tremor of nervousness.

The first set contained four of these early English tunes. When she had finished the applause was remarkably warm for such a small audience. She bowed, smiled her rare warm smile that makes her look ten years younger, and moved off the stage. The next set was Schubert, including Gretchen am Spinnrade, and the first half of the program ended with Laudamus Te and Et Incarnatus Est from Mozart's Mass in C Minor. The first is sung by mezzo sopranos and the latter by coloraturas; musicians in the audience were dumbfounded to find them on the same program. Lois has a phenomenal range, spanning from F below middle C to F above high C. She sang the Mozart excerpts with extraordinary passion, her head back and her eyes closed through the most beautiful passages. When she finished there was a moment of stunned silence before the applause began. An usher brought two bouquets of roses down the aisle and handed them to Lois over the footlights. One was from Mrs. Molyneaux and the other from the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto.

During the intermission Lois draped a white wool stole over her bare shoulders and read some of the good-luck telegrams which had been arriving at Town Hall all that day. She chuckled over one her sister Jean had signed with the name of her cat, Noni. She and Kilburn spoke very little.

The second half of the program started with an aria from Puccini's opera Turandot, then seven Spanish songs by De Falla and three songs to poems of James Joyce by Barber. The last was a concession to Naumburg rules, which insist that each artist include an American composer's work in the debut program. The hearty applause encouraged Lois to sing two encores, one in French and one in English and both in a happier lighter vein than the heavy works of her program.

Afterward Mrs. Molyneaux was incredulous. "John Briggs, of the Times, stayed for the encores and the critics never, simply never, stay for the encores. And Peggy Hicks, of the Herald Tribune, applauded enthusiastically. If Lois doesn't get good reviews I'll shoot them."

Lois, who has earned up to five hundred dollars for a single singing engagement, wryly received the total box-office receipts of thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

The scouts from Columbia Artists Management Inc. decided the night of the concert to reconsider their stand. Her voice had been even more impressive in New York than it had been in Toronto and William Judd, a Columbia vice-president who hadn't seen Lois

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before, observed that her limp hadn't been as distracting a factor as he had expected.

Arthur Judson, honorary president of Columbia Artists Management, a founder and stockholder of CBS radio network and a former manager of both the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra during the Stokowski regime, decided to take on the management of Lois' career himself. Nothing greater could have happened to Lois, because Judson's recommendation on an artist is accepted without question anywhere in the world. Countless fine musicians of international fame have pined in vain for his sponsorship.

To circumvent the problem posed by Lois' disability Judson decided to reverse the success formula of his organization and start Lois at the top, with guest appearances with the major symphony orchestras and choral groups and radio and television appearances. When her reputation was firmly grounded she could safely tour the sticks without confusing her audiences.

The next morning the reviews were so remarkable that musicians all over the city discussed them. "Miss Marshall's vocal technique is of the sort not often heard nowadays . . . Such a voice is not screamed away in six months through sheer lack of skill. It seems more likely that she has started a long and distinguished career," commented the Times. "She is one of the most superb singers this reviewer has ever heard," said the Herald Tribune.

While her voice is becoming internationally known, Lois herself is not known well. Slightly over five feet tall, with long dark hair, heavy arms and shoulders, a singer's deep chest and beautifully expressive brown eyes, she is intensely preoccupied with music. She gives an illusion of coolness to strangers. Her gaiety and humor—her specialty is Cockney dialect jokes—are reserved for people she likes and trusts.

She was only two when she developed polio and it wasn't until she was eight that she recovered enough to go to school, wearing braces on her legs. During her early years at home she listened to the opera recordings her brother Fred had collected and learned to sing along with them.

Her singing voice impressed the music teacher at the Wellesley Orthopedic School, Miss Elsie Hutchinson, who gave her extra coaching. When Lois was twelve she won a Toronto public-school singing contest. When her father, a department-store employee, died a few years later he was still carrying in his wallet a newspaper clipping of this early success.

Lois sang at a Christmas party the Rotary Club gave crippled children the year she was fourteen and a member of the club decided to sponsor some singing lessons for her. He consulted Miss Hutchinson, who delightedly shopped around for the right teacher and settled on Weldon Kilburn at the Royal Conservatory. After a few months the Rotarian lost interest and Miss Hutchinson helped with the lessons. Money was a scarce commodity in the Marshall home—Lois' widowed mother was trying to raise seven children. Kilburn himself, struck by the girl's passionate feeling for music, gave her a free lesson every week.

"Her voice was high and small, very breathy, with no middle voice at all," recalls Kilburn. "With a little kid though you can't judge by the voice. She had musical intelligence and a turbulent musical personality. I knew a coloratura soprano wouldn't express anything for her so we worked on the middle register. When her low notes came in it was like striking oil."

Kilburn worked Lois like a tyrant,



shouting at her mercilessly whenever he suspected she wasn't doing her best. For two years she sang only scales and exercises; her first pieces were Mozart and Handel, a classical forced feeding Lois credits with developing the sharpness with which she sings each separate note instead of sliding over them as many singers do.

For many years Kilburn refused to permit her to sing in public; he wanted her to wait until her voice was ready. She needed the five and ten-dollar fees she could pick up at club luncheons singing Victor Herbert and Sigmund Romberg to pay for lessons on Bach and Mozart, so she sang without telling him. His fury when he found out was impressive.

When Lois was ready for her first Conservatory recital she was thrilled that Sir Ernest MacMillan and Lady MacMillan attended and spoke kindly to her afterward. Sir Ernest invited her to make her debut the following season with his Toronto Symphony Orchestra at a secondary-school concert. The day before the concert Lois suffered a calamity that is the nightmare of all singers: laryngitis. She listened to the program on her radio at home, tears pouring down her cheeks.

Kilburn had begun a struggle that was to last several years to have Lois make fewer gestures while she sang. The sensitive feeling she has for music shuts out the audience for her and her unconscious gyrations on stage were startling. After a concert it was impossible for Kilburn to convince her that she had behaved so dramatically.

He finally implored all Lois' friends to go backstage after every performance and mention casually that she should try to stand still. Lois promptly became more docile, but it was months before she would admit to Kilburn that her new attitude was due to outside advice, and years before Kilburn admitted that it had been prompted by him.

Some singers can sing Ave Maria and count the house, but Lois is hardly aware she is on stage. One evening when she was singing the St. Matthew Passion in Massey Hall the audience was following the words in the program and Lois was lost in the beauty of Bach. At a very dramatic part in the score three thousand people simultaneously turned a page in their programs. The sound pierced through Lois' spell and so terrified her that she nearly fainted before she remembered where she was.

In her late teens Lois took a business course and went to work for Eaton's mail order. She took her lessons after work and spent some lunch hours rehearsing in Heintzman Hall across the street. Then she was accepted into the Royal Conservatory's senior school for a three-year course. She was named the outstanding graduate in 1950, which won her a thousand dollars presented by the T. Eaton Co. to pay for a musician's debut every year.

The debut in Eaton Auditorium cost her eleven hundred dollars, in advertising, programs, brochures, rent and other expenses. Because she was already a name singer the house was sold out and she made a few hundred dollars profit out of the venture. That same year she won a thousand-dollar scholarship given by Canadian Indus-

tries Ltd. through its Singing Stars of Tomorrow broadcast series. The week she won this award settled a problem that had been bothering some people: Was she physically able to stand a busy concert season?

Lois opened the week by singing on three successive nights the soprano solo work in the Mendelssohn Choir's Bach festival in St. Paul's Cathedral, Toronto. She sang the St. Matthew Passion, the B Minor Mass and the Magnificat, which represents an astonishing achievement by itself since Bach is notoriously thoughtless of the frailties of the human voice. Over the week end Lois sang twice more, once with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at a Pops concert and the second time in winning the Singing Stars series. Scattered throughout were almost constant rehearsals.

"She's as strong as a horse," Ezra Schabas, director of the Conservatory's Concert and Placement Bureau, cheerfully advises anyone who questions Lois' endurance. Schabas booked Lois on three concert tours of western Canada and one of the Maritimes and discovered her capable of standing the rugged routine of touring.

Weldon Kilburn made all these tours with Lois as her accompanist and they emerged with a high appreciation of the musical intelligence of Canadian small towns, the direct opposite to Columbia's opinion. "They have wonderful taste," Kilburn insists. "We never sang down to them. Lately we notice they are favoring the modern composers." Lois refuses to do what she calls junk music, like Danny Boy. Once when she replaced Eileen Farrell on a few hours' notice at a TSO concert the Globe and Mail observed that she sang "a far superior set of songs than scheduled for the guest star."

In recent years Kilburn has mellowed toward his prize pupil and only uses the tirade as a method of teaching in cases of emergency, such as just before the Town Hall recital. Their present relationship is easy, affable and full of gentle ribbing.

Following her recital in Town Hall, Lois had remarked in a toneless tired voice, "I'll never have anything to do that will be as hard as this and now that it's over I don't know what to feel."

Kilburn eyed her for a moment and then patted her shoulder. "You were hot stuff, kid," he assured her, and she laughed.

The two New York reviews—"Extraordinarily gifted," said the Times; "She has everything," said the Tribune—meant that Lois' concert career could be transplanted to the United States without losing any of its Canadian bloom. Lois had reached the ultimate success she could achieve in Canada—she had won every major award for singers, sung all over the country and was earning as much money as she could ever hope to make from concert singing here. This year her Canadian earnings would have been about eight thousand dollars if she hadn't gone to the States.

The morning after the Town Hall debut Columbia Artists Management, Victor Records and the CBS radio network were all trying to reach Lois to sign contracts or arrange auditions. Judd, a Columbia vice-president, was

assigned to deal with her and he finally located her in Ottawa, where she had gone to sing the Messiah. He was only temporarily crestfallen when Lois cannily refused to sign a contract until she got a lawyer's opinion.

"I've always heard so much about what can happen to an artist who gets lost on Columbia's list," explained Lois worriedly. "I don't want that to happen to me after all the years I've spent getting this far."

A giant organization like Columbia, the biggest concert bureau on the continent, can swallow whole orchestras without a trace. It can sign on an unknown artist and send him on a tour of small towns season after season, eventually exhausting his repertoire, his stamina and his ambition. The artist pays his own expenses, his advertising and his accompanist's fee. Columbia provides the bookings and sets the fees, taking fifteen to twenty percent off the top as its commission. The system makes successful musicians richer and obscure musicians broke.

Lois couldn't help thinking, as Judd talked about the contract, of the experience of Betty-Jean Hagen, gifted violinist from Edmonton who had preceded her through this same pattern. Betty-Jean also won a Naumburg debut, got good reviews and was signed by Columbia. She found herself in a trio, touring the small centres endlessly. She recently got out of her contract and is still trying to pick up the pieces of her career.

But Lois had also heard of the very different experience of Dr. Leslie Bell and his Bell Singers, who had signed with Columbia more than a year ago. Columbia had great difficulty in persuading anyone to hire a girls' choir. "They probably thought we were a home-and-school aggregation," concluded Bell dryly. The Bell Singers became Class B artists in last season's concert series, accepted reluctantly in a few centres to fill out the season cheaply. Bell made no money on that tour, but picked up a following. The following season the Bell Singers were in great demand. Duluth, Minn., sold out its concert series on the strength of a return visit from Bell and the group now has more bookings than it can handle. "You make your own success," observes Bell.

Lois flew to New York to sign with Columbia at seven in the morning after a performance of the Messiah the night before. Seventy of Columbia's representatives from all over the country had been collected in New York to hear the new talent signed this season. For two weeks they listened to four concerts a day, Lois Marshall among them. The Canadian girl scored the biggest success of them all—the problem of the limp was fast evaporating in the face of her beautiful voice.

For many years Lois was unable to bear any reference to her limp and Kilburn was present at all her interviews to parry any questions about it. Music critics on a Toronto newspaper poured acid on her agony by writing erroneously that she made her debut with the TSO on crutches. She has also read that she sings from a wheelchair, a phrase that appealed to the dramatic sense of someone who had never seen her sing. One reporter wrote that as a small child Lois crawled from her couch to the piano to be near her beloved music. All these stories are untrue.

Lately she has been able to talk about her handicap with considerable composure. "I'll never be able to sing opera, but there are other things I can do so I just concentrate on them. I must admit it bothers me when I am crossing a stage, but I just have to get along and forget it." ★

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How Serious Is The Defense Scandal?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

\$2,000 millions for 1952-53. Army, navy and air force were instructed to requisition the clothing and barracks stores they would need (a) for the men they expected to recruit immediately, and (b) for the mobilization stockpile that would be required during the first three months in the event of war. These requisitions are reviewed by the Department of National Defense, then passed along to the Department of Defense Production which does the actual contracting and purchasing.

Without warning, this interlocking military and civilian organization was called upon to handle a budget suddenly doubled. In the rush they pulled some real boners. They stockpiled thousands of simple housekeeping items; they calculated many of their requirements on World War II standards and estimates, forgetting that circumstances had altered; they made simple errors in arithmetic costing hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The military brass apparently responded with a lot of hasty arithmetic. They took the list of their World War II supplies holus-bolus and in many cases ordered a complete refill. The orders appear to have then been whisked through Ottawa with little serious checking.

One navy order, for example, was for enough bat bands bearing the legend HMCS to create a stockpile that will fill present peacetime requirements for twenty-seven years.

An RCAF order for dish towels—one official described the quantity as "out of this world"—was checked by Defense Production Minister C. D. Howe. It was discovered that a misplaced decimal point had made the order ten times greater than it should have been. The contract had been let but there was, fortunately, still time to cancel a large portion of the order.

The prize army boner in this class involves teapots. The army ordered 29,630 aluminum one-and-a-half-quart teapots from a Long Branch, Ont., firm for \$88,000. Then someone remembered that most of the new barracks had cafeteria-style messes and there was little need for table teapots. By this time most of the teapots were ready for delivery. Defense headquarters had one consolation—at least the boner was caught in time to stop similar teapot orders then being prepared by the air force and navy.

Defense authorities almost walked into the same trap a few months later with an order for serving forks. The original contract was for sixty-two thousand forks. Before production had started the order was cut to forty thousand, reportedly because a simple error in arithmetic had been discovered. Then the switch to cafeteria-style messing was remembered and the order chopped again, this time to fourteen thousand five hundred. Now the Defense Department admits that "maybe" there was no need to stockpile an item like serving forks.

These thousands of teapots and serving forks, incidentally, are used by nowhere near the full strength of one hundred thousand men now in Canada's armed forces: only forty thousand men eat in army messes; the rest live out.

The Defense Department claims doggedly that the fifteen thousand raincoats it recently obtained for a Canadian Women's Army Corps force that is now slightly over one thousand is not a purchasing blunder. Officials explain: 1, They are about to launch a

big CWAC recruiting drive because the Canadian Army is soon to have a new and as yet secret role for its women members; 2, The uniform is a big attraction for recruiting of women and, if the uniform isn't there, many potential CWACs don't enlist.

It would take an electronic brain to straighten out the traffic jam in defense neckties, for the Department of National Defense, the Department of Defense Production, Prime Minister St. Laurent and Defense Minister Claxton don't even seem to agree on the cause or immensity of the jam. A return tabled in the House last June reported that approximately one million ties then on order would cover the needs of the armed forces, including reserves, for two years and nine months—thus into 1955. Yet, in spite of this almost-three-year supply, Defense Production contract lists show another eight hundred and seventy thousand neckties on order since then. These ties have cost us \$667,101.

The real irony of our present defense shopping spree is that we are now paying millions of dollars for the same varieties of materials that just five to seven years ago we were practically giving away through the War Assets Corporation. It is painfully obvious now, with hindsight, that War Assets was all a horrible blunder, but, drunk with the dreams of permanent peace as we were in 1945, perhaps no one can be blamed.

In some cases we are not merely rebuying the same classes of material, we are buying back exactly the same pieces we sold at knock-down prices. The Babb Company, of St. Johns, Que., bought a large supply of spare parts for Harvard aircraft from War Assets in 1945. Now the Defense Department is rebuying the same spare parts—at current prices, not the 1945 War Assets prices.

We wound up the war with seven hundred and sixty thousand men in uniform. Every man had two blankets, so at the very minimum there was a military supply of a million and a half blankets. Most of these were sold at a dollar or two each. In the past two years we have spent \$13,202,700 on new blankets, which, even at ten dollars a blanket, would represent at least thirteen hundred thousand of them. This is practically up to the 1945 supply—for a force, including present reserves, that is only one quarter as large as the 1945 active force.

Many artillery veterans suspect the Defense Department was hoodwinked in a deal involving our stock of 25-pounder guns. As part of the weapon-standardization program Canada agreed to dispose of its 25-pounders and stock up with the U. S. 105-millimetre gun instead. Over the last two years we have sent two hundred and forty 25-pounders to Europe under the mutual-aid program. But the standardization program bogged down and, at last official report, we had received only one hundred and thirty-eight 105-millimetre guns from the U. S. in replacement. The 25-pounder, regarded by many artillerymen to have been the best gun used in World War II, was made in large quantities in Canada.

Although aircraft production and purchases are high up on the security scale, it is nevertheless one of the larger and costlier defense items on which enough information has trickled out, officially and unofficially, to make a tentative appraisal possible. Three of our aircraft ventures are worth looking at. Oddly enough, they consist of one which is probably our costliest defense mistake, another that may be our finest defense achievement to date,

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while the third—as yet too embryonic to appraise profitably—may eventually become either our greatest blunder or our greatest accomplishment.

What looks like our biggest and costliest defense mistake so far was the Government's backing of the Avro jetliner development program by A. V. Roe Canada Limited, at Malton, near Toronto. Between 1947 and 1951 the Avro project cost about nine million dollars—six and a half million in outright government subsidy, the remainder company funds.

The project was well along toward large-scale production when the Department of National Defense decided it needed fighters instead of jet transports and called the whole deal off. A. V. Roe was ordered to concentrate on development of its jet fighter, the CF-100. Then the Department of Defense turned around and, at a cost of three and a half million dollars, ordered two de Havilland Comets, another jet transport, from de Havilland of England. The Government has insisted that the Avro jetliner was dropped because the CF-100 project was more urgent and A. V. Roe couldn't work full blast on both. What it hasn't said much about is that England's Comet has a range almost three times that expected from the Avro jetliner.

Avro's CF-100 has been much praised and much criticized. There's no doubt in the minds of the Opposition that the CF-100 project has dawdled along so slowly that the plane is either a dud, or if not a dud, will be obsolete anyway before we manage to get any numbers in the air. They claim that it has developed into the biggest and costliest of all defense boondocks. Claxton is just as sure that the CF-100 is close to becoming Canada's crowning defense achievement. The truth is something that only a handful of top Avro, RCAF and Government experts know.

In any case, the CF-100 has cost us a pile of money. By last June payments to A. V. Roe had exceeded \$121 millions. Contracts signed since then have come close to an additional \$70 millions. Most of this has been for the CF-100 or for the Avro-designed Orenda jet engine with which the CF-100 is being powered.

The CF-100 story started about five years ago when the RCAF sized up the U. S. and U. K. designs available for jet interceptor aircraft, and decided there was nothing there that filled the bill for Canada. Long range was our first and paramount requirement to guard against attack across the Arctic. The plane developed had to be an all-weather fighter, equipped with electronic devices that would find enemy bombers in Arctic fog or darkness and automatically aim and fire its guns when the unseen target was in range. It had to be capable of warming up and taking off quickly and possess terrific speed.

It was a tall order for a nation that had never before designed a warplane of its own. Early in 1949 A. V. Roe was told to get to work on the CF-100. Two years later the first prototype was turned over to the RCAF for testing. There were cheerful reports that mass deliveries of CF-100s would soon follow. But in a few days the prototype was returned with orders to correct several "bugs" or operating weaknesses.

In 1951 the Government's defense hierarchy, evidently none too happy about Avro's progress, first ordered Avro to forget its jetliner and put all its technicians to work on the CF-100, and it followed this up with a wholesale government-engineered dismissal and replacement of Avro's top management.

One report that is said to have originated with an RCAF test pilot blames the original delay in the ap-



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"But Why The Candles, Holy Water And Beads?"

"It looks like hokus-pocus to me," Dave Smith said to Father Crane.

Dave was expressing a quite common view held by many non-Catholics...that the Catholic use of such articles as beads, crucifixes, medals and holy water is unnecessary in religion and even smacks of pagan superstition.

"What good does it do," Dave asked, "to light a candle or burn incense? And how can a little medal around my neck protect me from accidents?"

Unfortunately, too many people outside the Catholic Faith have a complete misunderstanding of these religious articles and the use to which they are put. There is nothing pagan or superstitious about them, and they do have a very real religious meaning and value.

"Actually," Father Crane told Dave, "religious articles used by Catholics are meant to be helps to their religious life—nothing more. The value of such articles is not in the metal, wood or wax of which they are made, nor in the form they may have...but in the prayer of the Church and of Christ, in whose name the Church prays in blessing them...as well as the fervor of the user's own prayer and his good disposition."

But Dave was still not convinced. He argued that religion is a spiritual thing...that it requires no external manifestations. "Yes," the priest agreed, "it is spiritual. But isn't it the natural thing for a human being to give outward expression to the things within his heart? How, for example, could you be sure that your mother loved you if she gave no sign that she did?"

Our Lord, Father Crane added, could have cured the blind man (John 9:6)



merely by willing it. Instead, he first made a salve of clay and anointed the man's eyes. In blessing little children, He did not have to lay His Hands on them—but he did. Many people, Father Crane added, think the Catholic practice of kneeling to pray is unnecessary...yet Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "kneeling down...began to pray" (Luke 22:41).

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pearance of the first prototype on a changeover that became necessary in the CF-100's intricate electronic equipment. Defense Production ordered a supply of U. S. electronic apparatus to be installed in the CF-100's nose for all-weather fighting. The CF-100's airframe was designed especially for this apparatus when only the electronic equipment's weight and dimensions were known. For the CF-100's speed, the electronic gear—which takes over from the pilot and flies the plane on its target—has to have an effective range of two miles.

After Avro's aerodynamicists had worked for months on the CF-100's design an RCAF pilot was sent to the southern U. S. to test the electronic equipment on order there and found that it had a reliable range of about a quarter of a mile. When another satisfactory electronic aimer and range-finder was obtained, it was either a different weight or different size which threw all the earlier aerodynamic calculations into a muddle. The CF-100 airframe had to be largely redesigned.

Reports that the present CF-100 is still nose-heavy may be a hangover of this earlier electronic gear mix-up that hasn't yet been totally corrected.

Whatever happened, RCAF men are said to have commented privately that the CF-100 program is at least a year behind what they had hoped for when the first prototype was delivered. Meanwhile, some RCAF squadrons which were originally planned as CF-100 squadrons have since been converted to F86 Sabre jet fighters

What is probably more important than the money involved or the mere delay in acquiring squadrons of a plane we badly need is the fact that the CF-100 will be a year or so nearer to obsolescence before it gets into the air in squadron strength.

There are some signs now that the critics may be too extreme. Mass deliveries of the CF-100, which have been promised for a year and a half, are apparently getting started. Exacting RCAF performance tests have been going on for months and there have not even been hints or rumors that the present CF-100 falls short to any serious extent from the rigid demands originally laid down by the RCAF. Claxton told Maclean's that the first CF-100 squadron of at least twelve planes would be fully equipped for action by March or early April.

While final judgment of the CF-100 must wait, the F86 Sabre program undertaken by Canadair of Montreal can go down on the record as probably the defense item from which Canadians have obtained more defense per dollar than any other.

Three years ago the RCAF adopted the supersonic-speed, U. S.-designed, swept-wing Sabre jet as its general-purpose fighter, pending development and test of the CF-100. U. S. production of the Sabre could do no more than fill Uncle Sam's own needs so Canada was forced to plan a Sabre production program of its own. Canadair at Montreal got the job and, with Government help, began tooling up with the U. S. designs. The engines and a few other components were to be produced in the U. S.

Canadair's Sabre production records have beaten, in many respects, those of the California plant which created the plane in the first place. The last improved model, the F86E, was being rolled out by Canadair before the Americans got it in production themselves. Production figures are supposed to be top secret, but it has been announced that by the middle of this year, when the changeover to the Avro-built Orenda engines is planned,

Canadair will have produced about seven hundred Sabres.

Canadair, already rolling off Sabres faster than the RCAF can use them, is now also producing surplus planes for Britain and the U. S. The U. S. air force is flying Montreal-built Sabres in Korea, and Canada expects to deliver up to four hundred Sabres to Britain within the next year. The six RCAF Sabre squadrons in Europe currently form the elite of NATO's air strength there.

At least some of the criticisms fired at the Defense Department have backfired on the critics.

One of the favorite strategies of anti-Government newspaper editorial writers is to take the year's total defense budget of two billion dollars, divide it by the active armed forces' strength—one hundred thousand men—and say that every Canadian soldier is costing \$20,000 a year. The same equation applied to other nations reveals that a U. S. soldier costs about \$13,000 a year, a Netherlands soldier about \$5,000. Actually, the Defense Department claims to be pleased with these figures, although it points out that comparisons are probably so inaccurate that they are practically meaningless.

In the first place, Ottawa officials claim that, aside from stockpile purchases, the department is also buying equipment for the reserves, and for a cost-per-man figure the budget should be divided by at least 200,000 instead of 100,000. Furthermore, they say that the U. S. defense budget does not include many of the U. S. mutual-aid expenditures of a type that come under Canada's defense budget.

But even if we are spending more on defense per man in uniform than a majority of other nations—and they admit we probably are—Defense authorities insist we should be thankful, not critical, for it means that Canada is holding up its end with dollars instead of flesh and blood. Ottawa authorities are not too eager to stress the point for they figure it's a good bargain for Canada and we would not be too wise advertising it loudly internationally. They claim that Canada's present international defense role is one in which the emphasis is on war production instead of uniformed manpower. Canada has already fully equipped with transport and weapons at least three European divisions—in Belgium, Holland and Italy.

Some cynics have suggested Canada could save money by paying every soldier \$15,000 a year and telling him to clothe, house and equip himself. Actually, a big lump of Canada's defense costs this fiscal year have had no direct connection with the size of the forces on active service. Here are some illustrations: \$385 millions for aircraft production and repair, \$352 millions for mutual aid and other NATO costs, \$245 millions for construction of barracks and airfields. The Defense Department claims that much of Canada's spending of the past two years has been on capital account items such as these which will not be a recurring annual cost.

About a year ago the army's own public relations staff released a story about barracks construction at Shilo, Man., which had Canadians asking if we were building palaces for soldiers. According to the story, a \$2-million barracks block was being constructed at Shilo to shelter two hundred men—a cost of \$10,000 per man. The corrected version of the story which obtained far less publicity was: There were two barracks blocks involved for 250 men each, a total of 500 men to be sheltered instead of 200; and the final cost was \$1,700,000 instead of \$2

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millions. The Shilo barracks, therefore, cost \$3,400 per man instead of \$10,000.

Claxton says that when all the capital-account spending is deducted and you get down to the bare essentials of pay, pensions, clothing, food, barracks maintenance, medical and dental care, a Canadian serviceman costs \$3,022 per year, an American GI about \$5,000, and a French or Dutch soldier about \$600.

Some Canadian newspapers have been mystified as to why a soldier's personal kit which cost \$137 in 1945 costs \$400 today—an increase of almost two hundred percent—whereas in the same period the cost of living index for clothing has jumped only about seventy percent. National Defense's answer is that the man who enlists today is handed a fuller kit than he would have received in 1945. New items added to the kit since 1945 include a \$60 summer dress uniform, two pair of \$3.27 pyjamas ("We gave them bedsheets, so we had to give them pyjamas to cut bed-linen laundry costs"), a pair of \$1.10 rubbers. According to the Government's figures, while civilian clothing costs have increased seventy percent this factor has accounted for only fifty-seven percent in the increased cost of a soldier's kit because of the large volume buying the Government does. The other forty-three percent of the increased kit cost is due to the new items added.

A Defense Department head said frankly: "Canada is the only major NATO country that doesn't have conscription. With a voluntary recruiting program, we have to give the boys more or we don't get them."

Another criticism that the Government refuses to admit is that it has been handing out defense contracts for political advantage in ridings where by-elections were being held. It has been suggested that political conniving was involved in two necktie contracts placed with Kitchener, Ont., firms and a contract listed as "face cloths" placed at Farnham, Que. Kitchener is in the riding of Waterloo North, Farnham is in Brome Missisquoi, in both of which by-elections were held on May 26, 1952. The questioned contracts were let just a few weeks before the by-elections.

All of the documents relating to these contracts were placed before a Maclean's investigator. The story of the Kitchener neckties starts in March 1951, almost fifteen months before the by-election, when the Department of Defense sent along to Defense Production a contract demand for eight hundred thousand neckties. The cloth didn't become available until October 1951, tenders were asked for on Oct. 22, and twenty-three tenders were received before the Nov. 6 deadline. The order was so large it had to be divided among the six lowest tenderers; one of the Kitchener firms entered the lowest,

the other Kitchener firm the third lowest.

Defense Production officials say the Farnham, Que., contract was erroneously called "face cloths" in the publicized lists—it was actually for seven thousand yards of "woolpile double-face cloth" for parka coats. On March 20 invitations to tender were sent out to seven Canadian firms that could produce this cloth. Only two tendered—the Farnham firm at \$4.67 a yard and a Woodstock, Ont., firm at \$4.97. On April 16 the Farnham tender was approved and the contract let.

Last year Opposition hecklers jumped on the Government when they learned Canada had purchased twenty wartime U. S. Sherman tanks at \$150,000 each when we were obtaining new Centurion tanks from Britain at \$135,000 apiece. The Sherman is an older and all-round inferior tank to the Centurion. Why did we buy second-rate tanks at a higher price? The answer: Canadians in Korea needed additional tank support. The only tanks immediately available in the Korean theatre were U. S. Shermans in Japan. They were on the ground, all transportation costs already paid. So we bought them, and Defense people don't think the price was too bad.

Another defense expenditure that Opposition members have ridiculed privately is the purchase of about five thousand .22 rifles at a price close to \$60 each. They say this price on a bulk purchase as large as that would represent a normal retail price of around \$100. Retail prices for .22 rifles run normally from \$9 to about \$70. The explanation: The rifles are especially made so that they can be broken down and packed in survival kits for aircraft flying in the Arctic. They are an emergency gun that an airman down in the Arctic, can use for shooting game. Said a Defense Department official: "Those guns have occasionally been the difference between survival and starvation. They are the best that money can buy. I don't think we have to apologize for that."

If the whole vast defense record could be examined item by item, probably it would not reveal a very different pattern than this pattern of inexcusable boners and bungling side by side with some fairly commendable achievements. Perhaps—and the Currie report hinted at this too—it is partly an illustration of what happens when an organization's responsibilities and duties are suddenly doubled in an international atmosphere that might start raining atomic bombs any moment.

In any case, two things are apparent. If the officials charged with spending our defense dollars deserve handsome accolades, they still haven't proved it. If they deserve sweeping and unqualified condemnation, that hasn't yet been proved either. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

The general's real mistake was that he never sought authorization. He built the dam on his own, classifying it as a "training exercise" for the Royal Canadian Engineers.

The Currie investigators apparently were not impressed by this procedure. However, none of this detail appears in the Currie Report, where a four-line paragraph lumps the dam incident with about twenty thefts, fakes and frauds taken from police and court records.

* * *

If Petawawa were all, though, the Government would not be in such heavy weather. The Petawawa situation was known to be nasty, and everything cited by the Currie Report (except the mythical horses) had already been made public in court. The real damage lies in the general statements, the broad sweeping charges, and in the tone of the report from start to finish.

Prime Minister St. Laurent in tabling the report suggested, rather lamely, that it would be wrong to take these harsh sentences "out of their context." In fact it's the Government and not the Opposition which has had to resort to this ancient debating trick. Liberals are going through the report with tweezers to pick out a sentence here, a paragraph there which is something less than absolutely damning. Their favorite: "It does not fit the facts to indict or to smear the whole Army Works Services personnel because of the sins of a handful of crooks."

This sentence itself is taken from a singularly illuminating context. The preceding paragraph reports "a general breakdown in the system of administration, supervision and accounting." The preceding sentence lauds the personnel at most army depots for "not walking through the door which a fundamentally loose situation had opened before them." The immediately following paragraph notes the "unhappy circumstance" that the RCMP, not the army, first discovered the Petawawa frauds. Two paragraphs farther on, you'll find the most damaging passage of all:

Internal warnings had not been lacking in the Department of National Defense. The chief auditor had performed his functions conscientiously. This is clear from Appendix B, which summarizes his findings over a period of years. The deputy minister in each case directed the quartermaster-general to investigate and report. Lack of adequate action at this point had, however, caused a progressive deterioration in the situation. Aside from reports being delayed for considerable periods of time, the record shows the next audit revealing conditions similar to those previously reported and, in some cases, worse. The process is then repeated.

Appendix B is a classified summary of accounting irregularities reported by the chief auditor, 1950 to 1952 inclusive. Some of them look rather serious, like "estimated cost exceeded without review" and "unauthorized issue of stores and materials," which were reported eleven and thirteen times respectively. Others to a layman's eye look formal and technical: "Requisitions and/or work orders not signed as approved," and "Tradesmen and laborers doing accounting or stores work."

Appendix B is the only actual evidence, in the Currie Report itself, of the situation described as "general breakdown . . . lax administrative situation giving rise to waste and

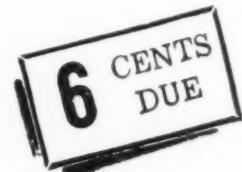
The story of your Canada Post Office—No. 2



Canada's First Postage Stamps

When Canada first issued stamps "for the prepayment of postage", the postmaster received payment in English currency. Canada's first postage stamp issue was in three values—3 pence, 6 pence and 12 pence (one shilling). That was in 1851, only 11 years after the first postage stamps were issued in Great Britain.

The red threepenny stamp bore a picture of a beaver, and was used as the basis of Canada's 15-cent stamp issued in 1951. The violet sixpenny stamp carried the portrait of Albert, the Prince Consort, and the black twelvepenny had as its illustration the portrait of the youthful Queen Victoria pictured above. Specimens of these first Canadian stamps are fairly rare and to collectors are worth many times their face value. In 1859, Canada changed its currency to dollars and cents, and an entirely new set of stamps was produced in 1, 5, 10, 12½ and 17 cent values.



The important thing to remember about postage stamps today is to use sufficient of them when posting your letters, cards and parcels. The penalty, of course, is that the receiver must pay double the deficiency—and nobody in this world likes to have to pay POSTAGE DUE. This is not a penalty peculiar to Canada but is true the world over and is a regulation of the Universal Postal Union.

So—if you are in doubt about how much postage to put on a letter or card or parcel—simply ask your Post Office. In other words: Help your Post Office help you.



CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté, W. J. Turnbull,
O.C., M.P., Deputy Postmaster
Postmaster General General

inefficiency . . ." and so on. These general charges have yet to be documented in full.

This fact inspires the Liberals with mingled hope and alarm. They hope George Currie may fail to back up his general statement. They think they can see enough spots in the report itself to indicate trouble for Currie under cross-examination.

For instance they want to know who actually wrote the Currie Report. George Currie has many friends in Ottawa, and they all agree that the language doesn't sound like his. Moreover, there are several references in the first person singular to matters which were handled not by Currie himself, but by others in his organization.

Liberal pipe dreamers allow themselves to picture George Currie exposed as a mere front man, and the true author of the report revealed as some obscure vindictive partisan, some Tory or Socialist thus wreaking his spite on the Liberal Government. They will even argue that this supposed author must be the man who gave an unauthorized, advance copy to the CCF—he feared that his own report might be edited and toned down, they say, so he gave one out before George Currie had even signed it. All this seems to be pure imagination. So far, Liberals admit they don't know (a) who wrote the report, or (b) where the CCF got its copy of the earlier draft.

* * *

Liberals who know George Currie well take a different view of the forthcoming enquiry in the Defense Expenditures Committee. Currie is a very careful conscientious fellow, they say. Whether he wrote the Currie Report or not, he did sign it and he does accept responsibility for it. Therefore they are willing to bet that Currie is prepared to back it up.

Their vision of the committee enquiry is far from rosy. They can imagine the question "What did you mean by that phrase 'general breakdown of administration'?" They can imagine George Currie reaching into his brief case, plunking down a sheaf of hitherto unpublished reports, and saying, "That's what I meant."

To the Opposition the whole affair has been a great big happy surprise. "Almost makes you believe in Santa Claus," said one leading PC contentedly. "Yes, we've been hanging up our stocking for years," said a colleague, "but we never hoped to get anything like this in it."

If the Opposition was surprised the Government was thunderstruck. From the indirect reports they'd been getting of the Currie enquiry, ministers had been expecting something fairly gentle.

George Drew is now urging that Currie be appointed a royal commission to investigate the whole structure of National Defense. If he had made that suggestion before the Currie Report was presented it might well have been accepted. National Defense would have favored it, anyway.

Currie and his staff had worked on

very close and friendly terms with National Defense. NDHQ knew very well that some things had gone wrong and they relied on George Currie to find these soft spots and clean them up. He speaks in the report of having found a bad situation in Halifax, and of how it was corrected. This was the kind of thing the Government expected. That's what Brooke Claxton had appointed his old friend George Currie to do, and everyone was pleased with the way he was doing it.

You can imagine, then, what total consternation the document created. Liberal ranks were thrown into utter confusion. Gladstone Ferrie, Saskatchewan MP who used to be a corporal in the Engineers, began a one-man campaign of questions and interjections, designed to shift the blame to the General Staff. ("We were scared to death of what he might say next," a cabinet minister confided later.) Ralph Campney, acting Minister of Defense while Claxton was in Paris, offered the rather pathetic defense that this Petawawa affair was only a tiny fraction of the whole defense program. He didn't mention the "general breakdown" or the "progressive deterioration" at all.

Meanwhile in the corridors and caucus rooms Liberal backbenchers were like a herd of scared buffalo. Some were for lightening ship immediately—throw overboard Jonah Claxton and half a dozen generals, they said, and give National Defense to Chubby Power.

No such course is likely to be followed. If the Defense Expenditures Committee should turn up solid evidence fixing responsibility for specific shortcomings on specific individuals, that would be another matter. But there is no prospect whatever that anybody will be fired, from the cabinet or anywhere else, on the strength of such general charges as the Currie Report itself contains.

General Guy Simonds, Chief of the General Staff, offered immediately to resign if the Government accepted or endorsed the report in any way. At that time Claxton and Abbott were still in Paris, the Prime Minister still in London, L. B. Pearson still in New York. By the time the cabinet had reassembled in Ottawa the other ministers, having got over their initial shock, were rallying around Claxton with sympathy and indignation.

They now argue that the Currie Report, regardless of its content or accuracy, is a sloppy and badly written job. Why should it be necessary to hold another enquiry on the result of the Currie enquiry? Even if he can document his charges, why didn't he do it in the report itself?

They think they have a reasonable chance of discrediting the Currie Report or at least diminishing its impact. Meanwhile, they are looking hopefully to George Drew.

Drew has a reputation for overplaying his hand. Liberals concede that this time he is holding an excellent hand in spades. But they still hope he will bid a grand slam in no trump. ★

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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

YOUR TIE TELLS THE STORY

In clothes, a tie is a pretty good gauge of a man, at least in the matter of taste. Loud patterns versus small neat ones; bold colours instead of subdued; checks and geometrics or bars and florals: they all indicate preferences because a tie is man's sole colour outlet. But generalization is always dangerous. A fond aunt, a doting mother or a dutiful wife might have been trying to change the man's character by choosing an entirely different type of tie than the one that he normally wears and our theory is upset.

For those men who choose their own ties there are some fine points to consider. For example, if you are long-faced and slight, don't tie your tie with a long knot. If you have a round face and short neck, don't choose the thick, short windsor knot. If you are of average proportions, then perhaps a bow tie will look good on you. You can be sure whether or not a bow tie suits by wearing one for a few days. If your wife or the chaps at the office laugh, then it is not for you and go back to the four-in-hands.

Tie widths vary according to style. Narrow ones are not a ruse on the part of the maker to save goods. A narrow tie is narrow for a purpose . . . the easy knotting of windsor knots. Bow ties are correct for business or sportswear depending on the pattern and colour. Knitted ones are good, too, and are gradually becoming more popular.

Whatever type you choose, remember that your tie is your one spot of colour. Go ahead and get a bright one and forget that you may be deluding your friends about your character.



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A TORONTO woman hailed a passing taxi, bundled four children into it and hurried back into her home, calling over her shoulder that she'd be out in a minute. Twenty minutes later she appeared.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked the driver.

"Why, we haven't gone any place yet," exclaimed the perplexed fellow.

"Well, actually we're not going any place," said the woman. "I had a long-distance call and the children were making so much noise I couldn't hear."

A workman in soiled clothing stood up in a Winnipeg bus to offer his seat to a well-dressed austere woman



who vigorously dusted off the seat and offered no words of thanks. When she'd finished dusting it the workman thanked her politely and sat down again.

A boy toddled into a Victoria grocery store carrying an empty soft-drink bottle. At the drink display stand he helped himself to a full bottle, replaced it with the empty bottle and headed for the door.

"Just a minute, young fellow," called the proprietor. "Where's the money for the pop?"

"Don't need money."

"Oh yes you do need money."

"No I don't. Didn't yesterday and didn't the day before."

A young nun in a Montreal convent had some cause for embarrassment at Christmas when she received a telegram from her sister, whose name is Mrs. Joy. It had suffered somewhat in transmission and read: "Best wishes from all the boys."

En route to a funeral, a Saskatoon woman stopped to pick up a hat she had purchased earlier. At the funeral parlor she asked an attendant to hold the package for her until the service was over. Minutes later, to her astonishment, she observed her new flower-decked hat among the floral tributes. A somewhat startled husband received a phone call from his flustered wife some time later with the urgent request that he drive her to the cemetery — where they retrieved the hat.

The town of Midland, Ont., has a street called Easy Street. Nobody lives on it.

Two Vancouver hunters were returning from an unproductive trip to the Cariboo. They stopped in Clinton for lunch and asked a small boy how the hunting was in the area.

"Most times it's fine," replied the boy, "but it hasn't been worth a darn since the season opened."

When a Windsor, Ont., family returned from a holiday trip they found that during their absence someone had broken into their house, summoned a second-hand dealer and sold all their furniture for cash on the line, immediate delivery.

A recent wave of reports that prowlers were breaking into homes in Vancouver's suburbs made a Point Grey housewife apprehensive when her husband went out of town on a business trip. She awakened from light sleep at two o'clock in the



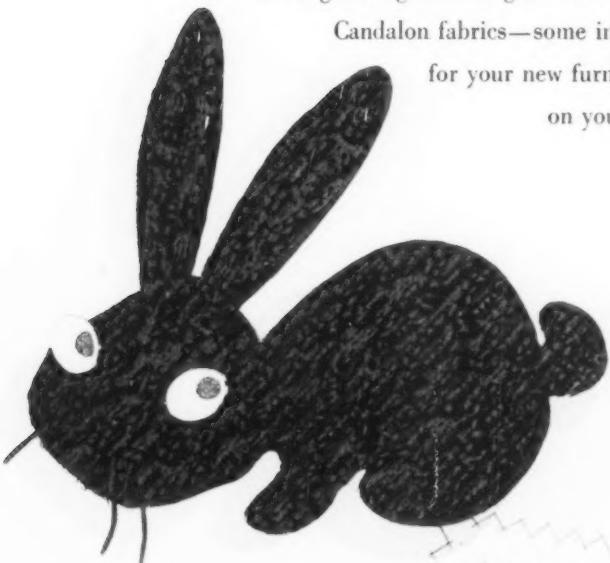
morning convinced someone had broken into the house. She crept to the top of the stairs and saw a shadowy figure start silently up them. As the figure reached the dark landing the housewife wallop it with a statuette. Naturally, it turned out to be her husband returning home unexpectedly early from his trip.

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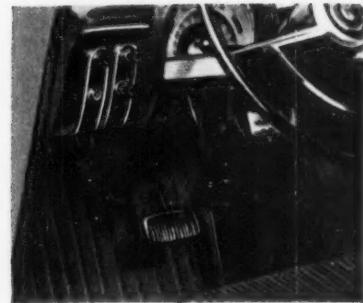


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TEST-DRIVE the new '53 FORD



Power-Pivot Pedals, suspended from above, work easier and eliminate drafty floor holes, road noise and dust—provide more floor space for the driver!



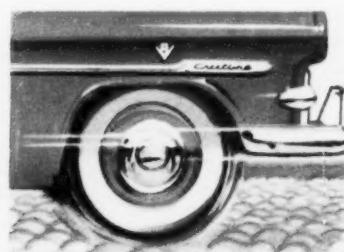
Centre-Fill Fueling makes filling-up easy from either side of the gas pump . . . prevents damage to finish and gas spilling on fenders.



GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF THE
GREATEST NAME IN MOToring

... Full-Circle Visibility that *really* lets you see . . . a car that handles with effortless steering, braking and parking . . . with proved V-8 power and brilliant performance. See it . . . check it . . . you'll find the 1953 Ford gives you so many things you *need* and *want*. Test-Drive Ford for quality . . . for features . . . for value—you'll know why, more than ever before, *the swing is to Ford!*

*Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.



New Miracle Ride that takes all the factors of ride, engineers them into a *completely-balanced* combination for a ride that's truly a revelation in riding comfort on all kinds of roads.



